

The Sketch

No. 702.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1906.

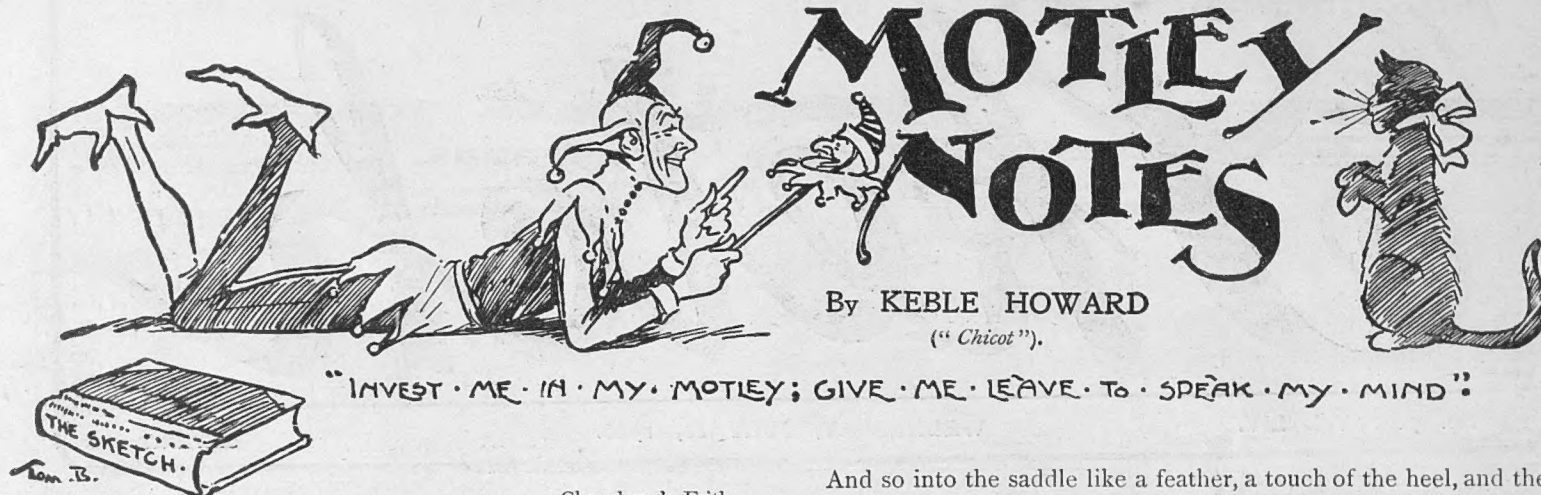
SIXPENCE.



WHY WEAR THE "TOPPER" AND FROCK COAT? SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1906 AT WARWICK.

Our photograph shows two of the actors in the Warwick Pageant walking through the streets of Warwick to take part in the performance. It is suggested that the hot weather might be combated effectually with the aid of ice carried inside the breast-plate.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



Chapel-en-le-Frith.

LONDON is very sweet in June, but in July the wilds of Derbyshire are sweeter. I am not, I think, more fickle than most men: London will ever hold the chief place in my heart. Yet it is good, when the scent of carnations steals through the still evening air and the sound of the mowing-machine is heard in the land, to exchange my slice of the Thames for mile on mile of sullen, hump-backed mountains, white roads that wind away and away to the great world beyond, green trees that dip and rustle in the light breeze, a foreground of cool, smooth turf, and masses of white roses that crown an old stone wall. Besides, one is never out of touch with London. It is impossible to feel homesick whilst the roar of the distant train, coming or going, gives promise of return. Sometimes, I admit, one feels an impulse to step aboard and whirl southwards to the lights, and the music, and the restaurants, and the clubs, and all the familiar rattle of it. With the first breath of morning, though, one is glad to be in the wilds of Derbyshire. There is so much to do that work is out of the question. There are hills to be climbed and meadows to be explored, and, best of all, the white, hard roads to be licked up by the live, swift, smooth-running motor. Thanks to the kindness of my friends, I have had some glorious runs.

I have been, for example, to Haddon Hall, the beautiful scene of that pretty love-story that nobody really knows. Many novelists think they know it; slapdash playwrights have mauled it; the guide-books set forth something that they believe, dear things, to be the gist of it. For instance: "Tradition says that John (afterwards Sir John) Manners formed a secret attachment to Dorothy Vernon, and that he disguised himself as a forester, hovering in and about the woods of Haddon in order to obtain glances of her, and to enjoy brief interviews. Tradition further saith that on the night of a ball, or festive gathering, in celebration of her sister's wedding, she left the hall to join her lover, and passing through the gardens and across the quaint footbridge—Dorothy Vernon's bridge—they rode away, travelling into Leicestershire, where they were married the following morning. Probably some rivalry or personal squabble or jealousy between these two great families of Manners and Vernon prevented at the time an open courtship, the match being in all respects suitable as to the rank and importance of both families." Thus the guide-book, and I have no doubt that the writer thinks well of his tale. Yet, for all that, no scrap of Dorothy's writing remains, nor any love-letter written to her by the young and handsome John Manners. I think one might fashion a better story.

You need not be afraid, friend the reader. I have no intention of attempting the task. But, if you have not already done so, pay a visit yourself to Haddon Hall, stand in one of the deep windows that overlook the terraced garden, imagine the blaze of light within, the music, the laughter, the dancing, the running to and fro of servitors, and then think of little Dorothy stealing out by the side steps to meet her lover. Across one broad terrace she goes, through a thick belt of trees, and lets herself out of the garden by the small gate in the wall. (I am giving you, by the way, the only authentic account of her journey. It was told to me by an exceedingly intelligent young woman, whose lip curled with the utmost scorn as she spoke of "the story-books." Very well, then.) Now along under the shadow of the wall, her little heart thumping with excitement and fear of discovery. Presently she turns sharp to the right, descends the hill, passes under the stone arbour where she has so often sat, and dreamed, and waited, and watched, gives one backward glance at the old home with the many-lighted windows, slips across the narrow bridge, skirts another clump of trees, and there, oh, rapture! is dear John, just as arranged, with the stamping, chinking horses.

And so into the saddle like a feather, a touch of the heel, and the dark, friendly night swallows the lovers. . . . However, as I say, I have no intention of attempting to tell the tale myself.

After Haddon Hall, you must go, as I did, to the Cat and Fiddle. At least, go as I did if you can. If you can't, go, all the same. I went in the motor. We pulled out from the house of another friend near Manchester about midnight. We did not know the road, but that made it all the funnier. The night was warm; the moon, a little flushed, but quite nice and round, grinned down at us encouragingly. Our first point was Prestbury. "Prestbury?" we yelled at any belated wayfarer we came across. "Ri—!" yelled the wayfarers, and on we tore. The trouble was this: when we did make Prestbury we didn't know it. Everybody was in bed and asleep. We stopped the car, I descended, and went adown the village street roaring, "Which is the way to Macclesfield?" (In the meantime, our acetylene lamp—we were burning only one—went out.) There was a light in one of the windows. Pausing beneath it, I said very sweetly, addressing myself to the blind, "Would you mind telling me the way to Macclesfield?" Somebody moved: the light was suddenly extinguished; the window opened. I caught a glimpse of a nightcap and a white garment. "Would you mind telling me," I repeated, "the way to Macclesfield?" "Couldn't say," piped a peevish voice, and the window was closed with a slam.

Perseverance, though, won the night. I discovered the route, the lamp was relighted, my friend gave the car her head, and if Macclesfield wasn't a little nervous when it saw us coming, it ought to have been. The hour was now deliciously late, but there were a few Macclesfielders in the main street. We asked for water and petrol. Yes, there was a garage close by. Unfortunately, the gentleman who keeps that particular garage is not a man of enterprise. He would rather go to bed at nine, curl himself up in a round ball and snore till morning, than make money. We hammered, rang, knocked, and shouted. Two genial members of the police force came along, stood on the edge of the opposite pavement, and laughed till the unofficial tears ran down their official cheeks. Then a great thought came to me. I put my finger on the electric bell and kept it there. What do you suppose that sluggish expert did? He got out of bed, fumbled his way into the shop, disconnected the bell-wire, and went back to bed without a word. Were we down-hearted? Absurd! We found another garage, bought our petrol, tended our pipes, and away with a swoop and a chuckle for the Cat and Fiddle. By the way, I noted a thing at the second garage that speaks libraries for the modesty of Macclesfield. Not only did the keeper thereof dress completely before opening the door, but he even put on his cycle-clips!

There are three reasons why I should not attempt to describe the solemn, silent, lonely group of hills that takes its name from the tiny public-house at the summit. The first reason is this: I have not the skill, my lord. And the second is this: I have not the space, dear friend. And the third this: everybody knows the Cat and Fiddle, dear heart. Think, though, of the grey dawn, and the red moon dropping behind the black, eerie mountains, and the low wind drowsing over the heather, and the white, narrow, stone-walled road dipping and curving for mile on mile of mysterious, tantalising gloom. The car sang as she flew. It was a great ride: other adjectives are superfluous. And so we ran down into Buxton, and I, merely to show my supreme confidence in our driver, leaned my chin upon my chest and slept like a little child. A new day had been born ere we reached home, and that seemed an excellent reason for descending on tiptoe to the pantry, and eating up all the good things that had been provided for lunch and dinner.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" AND "THE LITTLE STRANGER."



Mme. Lejeune. Master Edward Garratt. Mme. Rina Giachetti.

MME. RINA GIACHETTI, MME. LEJEUNE, AND MASTER
EDWARD GARRATT IN "MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

Our picture shows Madama Butterfly (on this occasion Madame Rina Giachetti) with her little boy, and supported by her faithful attendant Suzuki. The part of Suzuki is played with great distinction, vocal and dramatic, by Madame Lejeune, who is the wife of M. Glibert, the famous basso. The child is played by the young gentleman whose appearance a few months ago in "The Little Stranger" was so successful, and withal the occasion of so much diverse criticism.

Photograph by Langfier, Bond Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The German Emperor as a Grandfather—The Punctuality of "the Third of the Emperors"—His Official Birth—An American ex-Actress on the Thaw-White Case—A Russian ex-Guardsman on the Russian Mutinies.

THE German Emperor will, I am sure, be quite delightful as a grandfather. *L'art d'être grandpère* is not given to everyone, but I feel certain that the possessor of the mailed fist will know how to shake a baby's rattle with the highest art. The grandson of Queen Victoria is not likely to make mistakes as a grandfather, for he knew what it was to have the kindest and most considerate, as well as the most august, grandmother who ever sat on any throne. King Edward, who is a model grandfather, may now find that he has a rival in the ancestral art. I am told that when our King returns from a journey the sight of his grandchildren drawn up to welcome him always changes a royal personage into a delighted and delightful grandfather.



THE MILLIONAIRE'S VENDETTA: MR. HARRY K. THAW, WHO SHOT MR. STANFORD WHITE AT THE ROOF-GARDEN THEATRE, MADISON SQUARE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

welcome the advent of an heir to the throne, the Berliners had to wait till the afternoon of the Prince's birthday before he was officially born and welcomed with one-hundred-and-one guns.

Two people with whom I chatted this week had something to say which interested me on the leading subjects of the day, and they were both celebrities. One had been an officer in a regiment of the Russian Guards, and the other had been an actress in musical comedy on the American stage before she married very happily. The ex-actress wished the world to think well of Mr. White, the architect killed by Mr. Thaw. "He was a good fellow," she told me, "and out of kindness and with no ulterior motive he gave a helping hand to scores and scores of girls on the stage." My fair informant told me that this, she was sure, would be established in the witness-box, and she said so with such earnestness that I felt a little ashamed that I had been too ready to listen to the gossip of "yellow" papers about the dead man before



"TAKEN" FOR "THE ROGUES' GALLERY": THE PRISON PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. HARRY K. THAW.

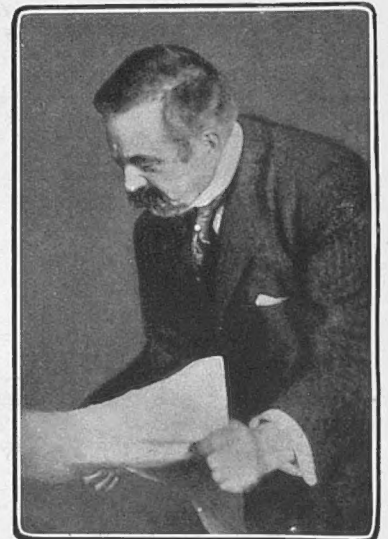
As one of the warders of "The Tombs" put it when questioned, there are no special privileges for millionaires in New York Gaol, and Mr. Thaw was photographed in the usual manner for "The Rogues' Gallery."

The third of the Emperors, as the Germans are already calling their infant Kaiser who is to be, a little overdid his first essay in the politeness of Kings—he was more than punctual on the occasion of his first levée. Not only was his grandmother on his mother's side not there to welcome him, but it was impossible for him to be saluted as became his dignity in Berlin. At Potsdam there were the gunners whose right it was to fire the salute in honour of an heir; but the Life Battery of the Guards Artillery was away at manœuvres at the camp of Döberitz, some five hours' march from Berlin, and as no gunners but the Life Battery could

soldiers believe are put by enemies of the State between the ruler and his faithful servants, who are continually being promised better food and more pay and less hard work, and find that these promises are never carried out.

The Guardsman instanced the case of the Brest Regiment at Sevastopol. The regiment mutinied on the occasion when the Black Sea fleet gave so much trouble, but after being talked to by its Colonel and officers, repented of all its evil deeds. Now whenever there is any trouble in the Crimea the Brest Regiment is sent to settle matters, and it has gained a reputation for ferocious loyalty which makes it the officials' beau-ideal of a Russian corps.

The Preobrazensky Regiment was the Guard regiment in which the Tsar received his military training, and he wore its uniform in preference to any other. Probably the regiment has learned the Tsar's decision never to wear its uniform again with more regret than it has felt at all the thunders in "General Orders" directed against it by the Grand Duke Michael. I asked the Russian Guardsman if he did not sympathise deeply with the two regiments of our Guards which



THE MILLIONAIRE'S VENDETTA: MR. STANFORD WHITE, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARCHITECT, SHOT DEAD BY MR. HARRY K. THAW.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

were to lose a battalion apiece by the order of the Grand Duke Haldane; and I am sorry to say that he smiled expansively, and expressed an opinion that no great harm ever came to British Guardsmen. Even when they are a "little naughty" they are only sent to Barbadoes that the men may eat bananas cheaply, and the officers may take leave to New York and marry heiresses, was in brief his unfeeling manner of alluding to an incident now almost forgotten.

The defeat of General Pavloff by the Duma does not seem to have been a cause of grief to the Russian Army. General Pavloff, first at Pekin and then at Seoul, persuaded himself, and helped to persuade the rulers at St. Petersburg, that any

Asiatic opposition must melt like snow before the power of Russia; and he held that belief until the Japanese gave him a guard-of-honour on the occasion of his departure from the Korean capital.



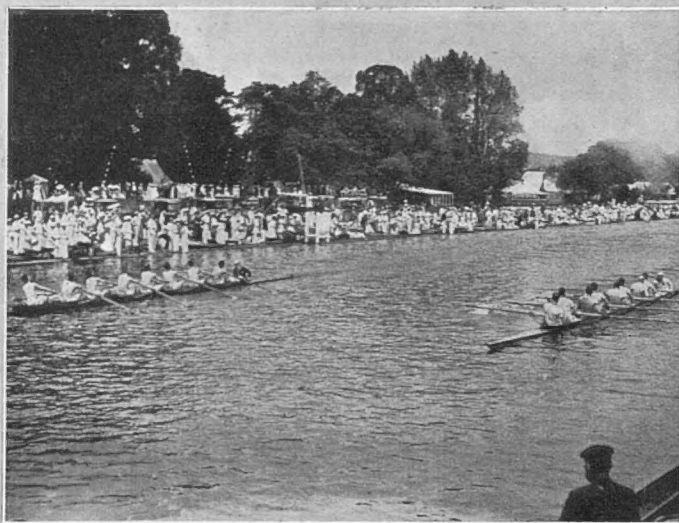
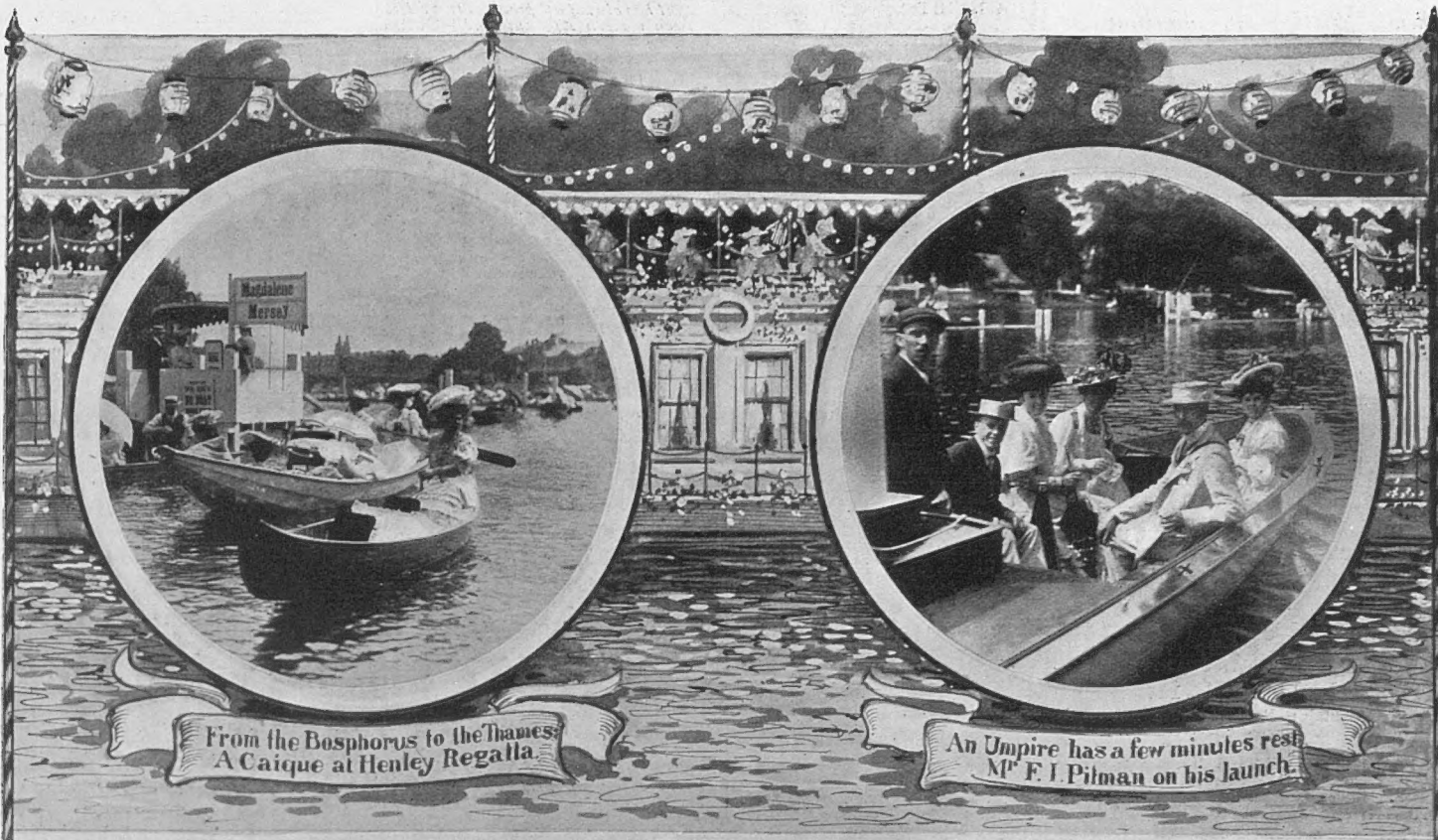
Mr. Thaw

MR. THAW SHIELDS HIS FACE FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHILE ON HIS WAY TO CELL 220, "MURDERERS' ROW," "THE TOMBS."

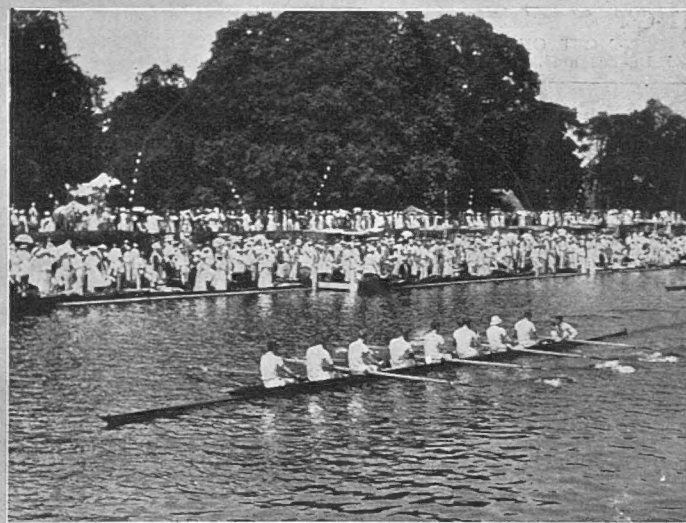
Mr. Thaw occupies Cell 220 in "Murderers' Row," New York Gaol, otherwise "The Tombs." It is said that a warder offered him a mascot, in the form of a rabbit's-foot carried by Molineux, Nan Patterson, and other famous prisoners, and that he refused it.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

ARISTOCRATS AMONG SPORTING EVENTS:

HENLEY REGATTA, AND THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH.



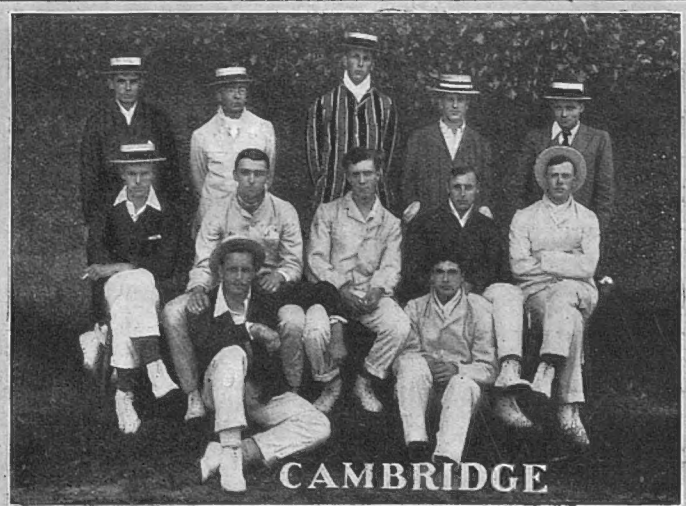
A Dead Heat in a Heat: Pembroke Coll. Oxford and Kingslon R.C. finish level in the Thames Challenge Cup.



The Grand Challenge Cup lifted for the first time by a foreign crew: The Club Nautique de Gand, Belgium, the winners.



OXFORD



CAMBRIDGE

The Oxford & Cambridge match at Lords. The rival Elevens.

Henley Regatta on the Finals Day was chiefly remarkable for the glorious weather, the loss of the Grand to Belgium, the very fine race for the Stewards' Challenge Cup, and Blackstaffe's easy win of the Diamond Challenge Sculls after so many vain attempts. The Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord's resulted in a win for Cambridge by 94 runs. The portraits in our group of the Oxford eleven are as follows: R. V. Buxton, W. J. H. Curwen, J. H. Gordon, G. N. Foster (back); G. T. Branstons, E. L. Wright, W. S. Bird (Captain), E. G. Martin, N. R. Udall (centre); R. G. Barnes, and C. A. L. Payne. In the Cambridge group the names are: L. G. Colbeck, R. A. Young, C. C. Page, H. Mainprice, P. R. May (back); G. G. Napier, M. W. Payne, C. H. Eyre (Captain), R. P. Keigwin, A. F. Morcom (centre); F. J. Hopley, and J. N. Buchanan.

Henley photographs by the Topical Press; Oxford group by Gillman; Cambridge group by Foster.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH at 8.40 in THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT, by Alfred Sutro (Presented by Mr. Bouchier and Mr. Charles Frohman). At 8, THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

MANY years have gone by since the King and Queen were the guests of the late Lord and Lady Armstrong at Crag-side. This week their Majesties are staying with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick, and to-day (Wednesday, 11th) the Sovereign formally opens the splendid Victoria Jubilee Infirmary at Newcastle. The King and Queen will also inaugurate the new High-Level Bridge by driving over it. During their

stay at Alnwick their Majesties will probably motor over to Chillingham Castle, famed for its white cattle. This historic place is now in the possession of Sir Andrew Noble, one of our kings of commerce, who is Lord Tankerville's tenant.

The King's Ducal Host.

The Duke of Northumberland, who this week entertains his Sovereign in old-world, stately style at Alnwick Castle, is the beau-ideal of a great nobleman. Reserved and rather cold in manner, he spends much of his time in benefiting others. He takes an active part in all the local affairs of the great county which gives him his title; he is a cultivated archæologist, and succeeded his father-in-law, the late Duke of Argyll, as a trustee of the British Museum. Alnwick has been described as the most perfect of Border castles, and there his Majesty's host and hostess live in great and in gracious state, surrounded by their many children.

An Old Name at the House.

Mr. Michael Hicks-Beach has a passport to the goodwill of the House of Commons. The House is devoted to the hereditary principle in its own case. It loves to see son succeeding to father. Mr. Hicks-Beach has the slim figure, the long, thin fingers, the gracefully poised head, and even the careless curl on the brow which Sir Michael had. It is too soon yet to say if he has his father's political ability, but, unlike the traditional son of a statesman, he has rushed into debate and has spoken several times this Session. He is not yet thirty, but Lord St. Aldwyn was little older at the time of his first obtaining office.

The Royal Drum-Major.

If it pleased the Duke of Connaught, he could give the drummer of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, which he inspects this afternoon, a lesson on the use of the drumsticks. He learned early and under notable auspices. Pelissier, who was supposed to have suffocated

room where the grizzled warrior and the boy were. The latter was thumping thunder out of his drum. This was succeeded by thunder of still greater volume. The old soldier was at work with the sticks. Now, although Pelissier never admitted it, the tradition is that he began his career as a drummer-boy, and here was the old skill reasserting itself. Here, at any rate, was a bond of sympathy between the man of war and the royal boy who wished to be a soldier. They were fast friends thereafter.

Minister and Horse-Holder.

A day or two ago, a cab stopped in front of the Ministry of Marine, in Paris, and a stout gentleman got out and felt in his pocket for the fare. He had only some pieces of gold and bank-notes, and as the cabman also had no change, the latter ran off to Maxim's to get some silver. But as the cab-horse showed signs of making off, the stout gentleman found himself obliged to catch hold of the bridle, and for some minutes the loafers

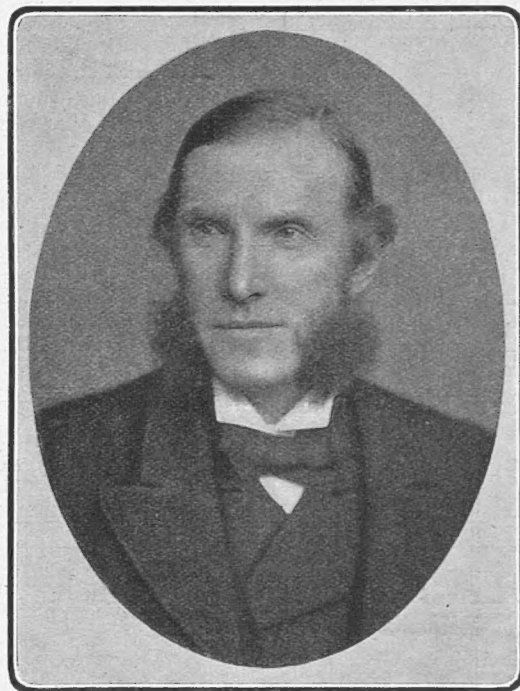
had the pleasure of seeing the stout gentleman holding the cab-horse while the sentry presented arms to him. For the fare was none other than M. Thomson, the Minister of Marine.

Singeing the Microbes.

The latest scientific information is to the effect that it is much better to have the hair singed than cut, unless you wish your hair to turn white. It is not a chemical change which makes the hair go grey, but a microbe, called the chromophage, which dines off the colouring matter. The chromophage is, however, very much affected by heat, and that is why ladies who use curling-tongs keep the colour of their hair much longer than those who do not. As a man's hair is, as a rule, much too short for the curling-tongs, singeing the hair instead of cutting it is the obvious remedy for these chromophages in his case. The microbes have every reason to complain of the march of science. Until quite recently they had everything their own way; but now, what with disinfectants and curling-tongs, their lives can hardly be worth living.

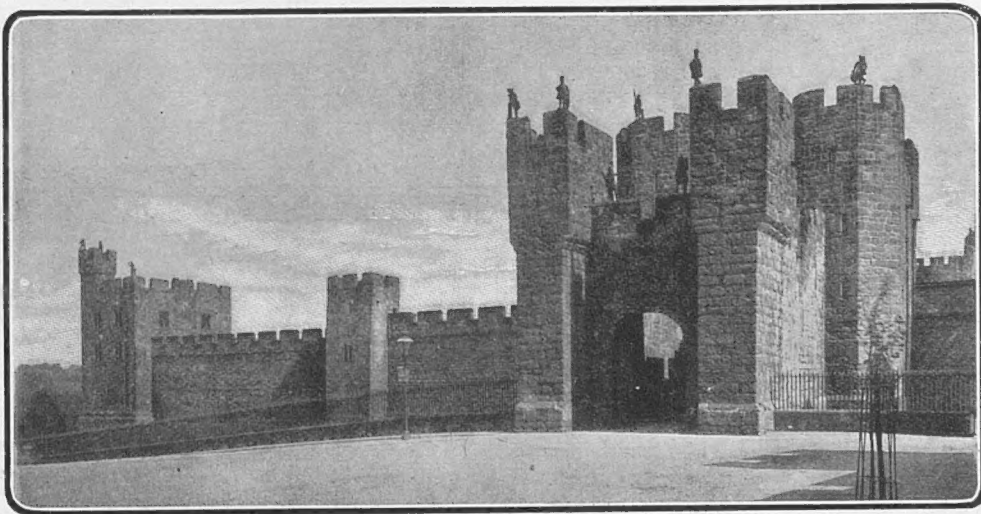
A Prehistoric Horse.

There is great excitement at Avignon. In digging the foundations for the new bridge over the Rhone they came across the skull of a horse which was evidently of vast size, and the local savants declared that the head was that of a prehistoric horse, which was the ancestor of the equides which possessed toes and not hoofs. But unfortunately for the pride of Avignon, some unscientific people of the city declare that the skull is not in any way prehistoric, and that it belonged to a big horse which was the property of a man living in that quarter. The horse, they say, died only eight years ago, and was buried on the banks of the Rhone where the bridge-builders found it. Avignon is divided into two parties over this question, and party feeling runs high. So far, the only thing certain is that the horse must have been of unusual size.



THE KING'S HOST DURING THE NEWCASTLE VISIT: THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

Photograph by Faulkner.



WHERE THE KING WAS GUEST IN NORTHUMBERLAND: ALNWK CASTLE—THE BARBICAN.

Photograph by Hastings.

five hundred Arab fugitives in the caves of Dahra, had become French Ambassador in London, and he and the young Duke met in London at the house of a nobleman. Suddenly there was a terrific din in the

Three Brides-Elect. The Hon. Hilda Strutt, third daughter of Lord and Lady Belper, will marry in the course of the summer Mr. Charles J. L. Allix, eldest son of Mr. C. P. Allix, of Swaffham Prior House, Cambridgeshire. Of interest to Dorset society is the approaching wedding of Miss Violet Hambro, the only daughter of the popular owner of Milton Abbey, Dorset, and Hayes Place, Kent, to Mr. E. Martin Smith, of The Warren, Hayes. Miss Pearl Mason, another of this season's prettiest fiancées, will be married in September to Dr. Hunt, of San Remo.



MISS PEARL MASON,
To be married to Dr. Hunt, of San Remo.



Photos. Thomson.
MISS VIOLET HAMBRO,
To be married to Mr. E. M. Smith.



THE HON. HILDA STRUTT,
To be married to Mr. Charles J. L. Allix.

THREE FAIR YOUNG
BRIDES OF THE
PRESENT SEASON.

Child Actors in Society. The children of Lady Gertrude

Lawford gave a most successful entertainment at the house of the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury last week, in aid of the Walsham How Memorial Industrial Home. Their performance was quite wonderful, and they made over £90. The entertainment opened with a pretty prologue spoken by Miss Constance Lawford. The Misses Lawford are very versatile in their dramatic gifts. Miss Constance and Miss Ernestine Lawford gave the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius from "Julius Cæsar," also the famous scene from "King John," where Prince Arthur pleads with Hubert. Miss Adela Lawford undertook the part of the Attendant. She was also Anne, the parlourmaid, in Miss Ina Leon Cassilis' duologue, "Cheerful and Musical," which followed. In this little scene Miss Ernestine Lawford was very funny as a little old maid, Miss Bascobie, and with her sister Constance as Mrs. Grahame, a young married woman, entered into the humour of the sketch.

Honoured by the King. His Majesty never loses an opportunity of showing respect and gratitude to the nursing profession, and the thousands of devoted and selfless Englishwomen who belong to this most feminine of professions are honoured in the person of Miss McCaul, who has been appointed "Visitor" to the King's new Sanatorium. Miss McCaul was one of the four nurses who bore the heat and strain of the day during the long, wearying efforts made by Sir Redvers Buller to relieve Ladysmith, and she was the first woman to enter the town after the relief. Recently she visited Japan in order to see how our Eastern allies nurse their wounded, and to her energy and the inception of who is an Irish lady, hopes to see nursing raised to the status of a real profession, and she has written some eloquent pages on this subject.



APPOINTED BY THE KING "VISITOR" OF THE
NEW SANATORIUM, MISS McCAUL.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.



A CLEVER CHILD ACTRESS: MISS
ERNESTINE LAWFORD AS MISS BOSCOBIE.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Sisowath's Titles.

It appears that King Sisowath's real name is Ang-Sor, and that he only received his present name as an afterthought. But whatever his name is, he has a fine list of titles, which may be translated as follows: "He who is the supreme refuge, the being with the sacred feet, the master, the most illustrious of great men, the excellent and perfect Rama,

descendant of celestial spirits, the beautiful and glorious son of the sun, the gorgeous one, the leader of men, glorious, illustrious, perfect and sacred, Emperor of the immense capital of Cambodia, he who is master of all souls, and who is placed above all heads." Looking at Sisowath one would hardly imagine that he was all that.

A Portrait of Mr. Choate. The excellent likeness and expressive look of Mr. Becker's drawing of Mr. Choate in the Black-and-White Room at Burlington House greeted many friends at the Royal Academy reception. An American's pencil has ably caught the conversational look of an

American famous in conversation. And now that an American's pencil is working at portraiture, as well as Mr. Sargent's brush, must we not resign our national art of portraiture to the people of the nation that captures our yachting cups and our running shields?

After Andree. "If you never hear from us, others will follow in our wake until the unknown regions of the North have been surveyed." The words were those of Andree, who started, ten years ago, upon that voyage in which Mr. Wellman, the American explorer, is courageously to follow him. May the fates be kinder to the successor than to his predecessor! He knows the risks, and has counted the cost. So, too, did Andree. "Suppose your balloon burst—what then?" he was asked. "We shall be drowned, or crushed, but if we alight upon the ice we shall do our best to work our way as far back as possible. Having during these last few years thought, worked, and calculated in preparing for this expedition, we have, so to speak, lived through all these possibilities. Now we only desire to get the thing finished some way or other."

From Camberwell to Cabinet. The Empire, it might almost be said without distinction of party, unites in honouring Mr. Chamberlain this week. "The Member for Birmingham," as he very soon came to be called, was famous some time before the eventful June day in 1876 when he was first returned to Parliament. As Mayor of Birmingham he was noted for his Republican opinions, and he voiced his convictions in an article which made quite a stir. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Birmingham during and the Mayor's guests provoked a

this sturdy Radical's term of office, courteous reception of the city's royal very funny *Punch* cartoon, showing "our Brummagemtion" lying at the feet of a certain gracious lady; while in some funny verses it was explained that—

He put his red cap
in his pocket and
sat on his *Fort-*
nightly article,
And of Red Repub-
lican claws or teeth
displayed not as
much as a particle.

Mr. Chamberlain was born at Camberwell, and, as all the world knows, his beautiful home near Birmingham is called Highbury, after the old-world London suburb where he spent most of his childhood.



LONG BEFORE HE WAS SEVENTY: MR. CHAMBERLAIN
WHEN HE ENTERED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Photograph by Whitlock.



RETIRED AFTER FIFTY-TWO YEARS' SERVICE: MR. G. FRENCH, LATE HEAD OF THE COUNTING-HOUSE IN MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SON'S.

Mr. George French has made a "record climb," which was shown diagrammatically on a tree printed in the programme of the smoking concert held in his honour. His career is outlined below.

Photograph by Topical.

"A Record Climb." Mr. George French entered the service of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son in 1854. He was then assistant at the bookstall at Guildford. A week or two later he was clerk in charge at Woking, and held the same office at Salisbury, Guildford, Chichester, Pimlico, and Paddington. In 1882 he was bookstall superintendent, and in 1895 head of the counting-house at the Strand. He retired on June 30, when the house held a smoking concert and gave him a presentation. His record climb to official eminence was shown symbolically in the concert programme.

Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere.

One of the pretty photographic studies on this page represents Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere, who has lately been welcomed back to this country by a large circle of friends after her long stay abroad. Mrs. Lechmere, who is a very charming woman, is the only daughter of the late Major May Pegg. She was born in India and was brought up in a convent. Her husband is the youngest son of the late Sir Edmund Lechmere.

An Unfortunate Incident.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen, our Ambassador at Madrid, has been setting his house in order after the festivities attending the

royal marriage. But there will be a greater setting in order before he finally establishes himself, for a palatial new Embassy is in course of erection for him at the Spanish capital. Sir Maurice is one of the most brilliant men in the diplomatic service, and one of the most favoured by kindly fortune. His advance has been signally rapid, and his promotion to Madrid could not possibly have come at a more opportune time. Generally speaking, his career has been one of "roses, roses, roses all the way." But, as if to give him a glimpse of the dark side of diplomacy, he had one awkward experience when at Constantinople. While he was riding near the imperial powder-factory at Makrieukeuy, he and his party were attacked by sentries, who with Goth-like brutality threw them from their horses and roughly mishandled them. The Turks thought the Britons too near the powder, or, at any rate, desired to have it appear that they so thought. Of course, there were explanations and apologies, but Sir Maurice has since walked even more warily when near other people's magazines—by no means a bad plan for a diplomatist.



A GIRL EDITOR: MISS GIRVIN, WHO CONDUCTS THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE, "THE JABBERWOCK."

Miss Girvin is producing a play this summer written by herself, and entitled "The Garden of Roses." It is to be performed at Buckhurst, Wokingham, by special request of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on behalf of the King Edward Hospital Fund (the League of Mercy Branch, of which her Highness is a president). Among those who have promised to attend these performances are Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

A Royal Mountaineer.

The Duke of the Abruzzi is not only the best-looking of bachelor Princes on the Continent, he is also the most intrepid of royal mountaineers living. Last month he accomplished the ascent of the highest peak of the Mountains of the Moon, and climbers still remember the sensation caused by a former feat of his—the ascent of the volcanic peak of Mount Elias, on the borders of Alaska. The Duke is a younger brother of the Duke of Aosta, and the favourite cousin of the present King of Italy. His special hobby is North Pole exploration, but he delights in all forms of adventure and distant travel.

Conquering Ruwenzori.

The difficulties of climbing Ruwenzori are exceptional. A friend of the present writer had a shot at the mountain last year, and with the most unassuming expedition in the world got up 13,500 feet. That is no slight achievement. You must leave your ordinary porters at the foot of the mountain; they would die, forced higher.



A ROYAL CONQUEROR OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON: THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI, WHO HAS CLIMBED RUWENZORI.

The Duke of the Abruzzi has succeeded in ascending the peak of Ruwenzori, one of the Mountains of the Moon. It is 16,600 ft. above sea-level. He immediately decided to attack another peak.

Photograph by Guignol.

There are natives upon the slope, but they live low and never hunt higher than 7000 feet. But it is from these that, unprepared, you have to get your train. They are poor porters, but they alone know the track: they alone can point the way over bog and cleft deep and big enough to engulf an army. The trouble begins when they sight ice. They have a superstitious horror of it. It represents to their simple minds an evil monster, to come in contact with whom means death. The climber in this case did his last stages alone; his natives dared hardly look at him as he came back from the glacier. He had communed with the evil god, and was to be feared and abhorred.

A Double Event!

Lord and Lady Kinnoull are receiving many congratulations on the birth of their twin sons. There are few more popular personalities in Society than the musical Earl and his beautiful young Countess, who as Miss "Molly" Darell was the best amateur violinist of her age in England. The marriage was one of the prettiest and smartest celebrated in 1903, and the bridegroom was given, among other wedding gifts, a superb motor-car. Lord Kinnoull's heir is his grandson, the child of the late Lord Dupplin, and so the twins born last week already enjoy avuncular dignity.



A PRETTY CAMERA STUDY: MRS. NICHOLAS LECHMERE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street.



MOTHER OF TWINS: THE COUNTESS OF KINNOULL.

Photograph by Press Picture Agency.

"Die Kleine's"
Baby.

Good Germans call the bride of the Crown Prince, their future Empress, "Die Kleine"—the little one—and, in love with her from the moment that the Crown Prince first turned his eyes to her-ward, love her now the more for having made their Emperor grandfather of a fine boy. She came from the nursery to be married, and is not yet twenty. Now the nursery again claims her, but in the rôle which a future Empress is proudest to fill. The young mother is a sister of the reigning Grand Duke Friedrich Franz IV. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the fact that the Crown Prince fell head over heels in love with her before the consent of his august father had been obtained made it the more fortunate that important dynastic considerations rendered the match a highly desirable one. All save the Socialists would have welcomed any Princess upon whom the Prince's affections were set, but no more popular match than this could have been made. The Princess is German to the heart's core, and was wooed and won as any peasant maid might have been, by the man of her heart, the man who really loved her.

Artistic Civil
Servants.

M. Clemenceau, journalist and statesman—principally the latter just now—has raised a hornets' nest about his head by his insistence that more work should be done by his staff at the Ministry of the Interior, or, at least, that they should appear at the office for a longer period each day. It is astonishing what talent there is running to waste in these public offices. There are poets, musicians, caricaturists, chess champions, and phenomenal bridge-players amongst the young men whom Marianne has taken into her service. If you were to wander through the private rooms at the Ministries of Colonies and Public Works, and the rest of it, you would be astonished at the display of art. Some of these cells in the hive of public industry are filled, if not with honey to the profit of the State, with a remarkable selection of drawings and paintings. The covers of books in which repose innumerable columns of arid figures are illustrated with beautiful scenes of the country or even from ancient history. The person who might object to this buried art, at the public expense, would probably be told that these hard-worked functionaries might be worse employed.

More Art—
in Office Hours.

Sometimes the man is well advised in refraining from doing what he is paid to do. An Attaché at one of the Ministries, when called to book for never performing his duties, replied that his chief asked him to stay away "as it was impossible to make use of his labours." The story

is vouched for by the *Petit Parisien*. It might be one of the reasons why the French Budget is so big, might it not? In the Prefecture of Police they have a little time to burn, consequently you will find some of the strongest chess-players in Paris there. At the Hôtel de Ville are crayon drawings, fantastic and mythological, upon which no stranger eyes have ever gazed. There is hardly a competition, artistic or literary, organised by the journals, for which some young man in the Ministries does not carry off a prize. The civil servant is famous as a song-maker. Ten to one, if the *chansonnier* of the street strikes up a lively air, music and words will have been composed and written by some young sprig of a public servant. It is very nice, of course, to encourage talent, but if Jacques Bonhomme wants his office work done properly, he had better advertise: "No poets or musicians need apply."

Lightning and
the Rod.

The scientific world has not yet made up its mind whether your house is the safer for having a lightning-rod on it or not. Some say it is really useful, others that it is a standing invitation to the destructive fluid to give you a visit. Paris has come to the conclusion, meanwhile, that it is not much good. All the new houses are built without the conductor. July is just the month to put theories to the test: there is always plenty of thunder about. Some years ago, there was an animated discussion among French savants. The partisans for the rod cited, with becoming pride, the fact that the big central wine market had been fitted with the apparatus for twenty years, since which time it had not been "struck" once. Was it not absolutely conclusive of the conductor's value? Some little time afterwards those same disputatious savants discovered, on a personal investigation, that the copper conductor had been broken off some feet from the

ground and carried away by thieves. This had happened eighteen years before! So we are not much "forrader," are we?

New Use for Tram-
Tickets.

In England they collect tram-tickets; so they do in France, but for quite other reasons. It is not to publish the number so that the reading public may be *épâté* by the generosity of the newspaper, but to make an instrument of the toilet of it. In the public schools in France, especially in the girls' schools, the mistresses pass the hands of their scholars in review before the commencement of morning lessons. The idea, of course, is to eradicate the mourning border. To pass the ordeal children should be provided with nail-cleaners. The soft cardboard of the tram-ticket is admirable for the purpose. Hence the eagerness of the Paris child to ask you for your punctured pasteboard.



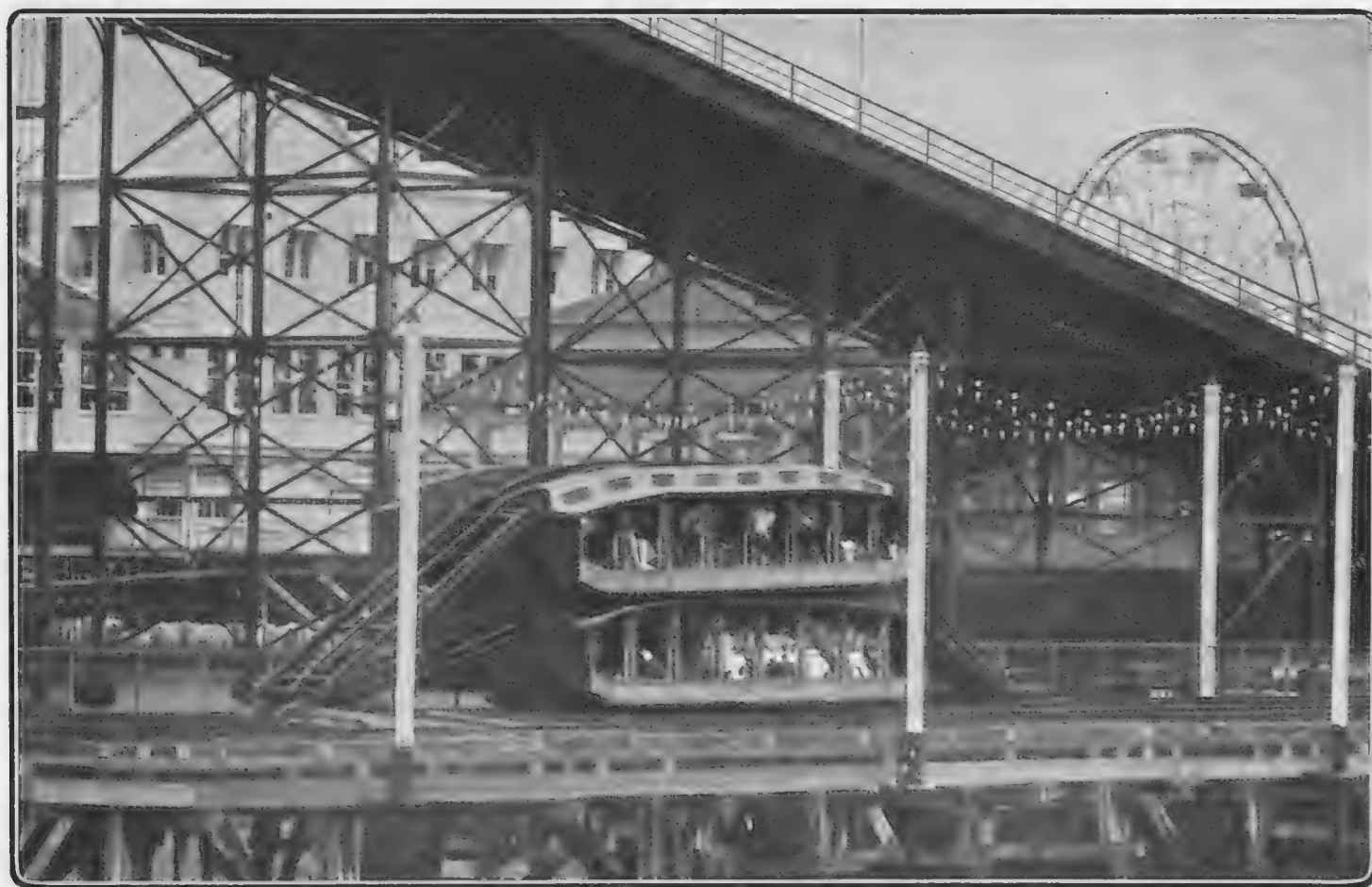
THE MOTHER OF THE THIRD GERMAN EMPEROR TO BE. THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS.

Photograph by Voigt.

COLLISIONS THAT DON'T KILL.



TRAINS THAT MEET END-ON AND DON'T COLLIDE: ONE CAR LEAPING THE OTHER.



AN EXCITING MOMENT: SAFE OVER INSTEAD OF A SMASH.

One of the latest American sensations is the Leap-frog Railway, a sort of switchback on which two cars with tapering ends meet one another at full speed. At the moment when collision seems inevitable, one of the cars leaps over the top of the other, traverses the rails laid along the top of the route, descends and pursues its journey on the ordinary track. Each car, of course, is loaded with passengers.

Photographs by W. A. Mountstephen.



By E. A. B.

With the
"Geordies."

In opening the Armstrong College and unveiling a statue of Queen Victoria at Newcastle to-day, the King and Queen combine duties which will recall to the minds of old-time residents memories of a visit of the Queen herself. She it was who, fifty odd years ago, inaugurated the fine High-Level Bridge there. It was at Newcastle, too, that a sensational campaign against the Queen was opened, when Sir Charles Dilke, declaring for a republic, made his attack upon the Civil List. That was the prelude to Sir Charles's motion in the House for an inquiry into the Queen's expenditure, and it is interesting to remember that Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who died the other day, was, in addition to Baron Lucas (then Mr. Auberon Herbert) and a less known Member, the only person to vote for the motion.

A Libel. Did Creevey know his Newcastle too well or too little? He hated the northern city. "Let me," he said, "in expressing my entire abhorrence of Newcastle, its natives, its inns, drives, horses, roads, precipices, pools, etc., etc., say how skilful a surgeon they have in the person of Mr. Horne, who attended me, and who is really a wonderful young man. To be sure, he has some practice, for I suppose the bodies of half the natives, whole or in fragments, pass through his hands in the course of a year. To be out of H— Newcastle is certainly the damndest district of country anywhere to be found." Newcastle must have altered since friend Creevey thus delivered himself. Strange that he did not fall foul of the inhabitants for their inability to pronounce the "r."

Diplomatic. Seeing how many, varied, and complex are the questions upon which the Ritual Commission have had to report, it is well that they had not to inquire into questions such as have sometimes come before the Scottish Presbytery, or their Report never would have come out. Called upon to speak as to the sobriety—or, more frequently, the alleged insobriety—of ministers or elders, witnesses would display the most perverse ingenuity in avoiding a direct reply. A typical instance has been left on record by Dr. Guthrie. A certain minister, it was said, had preached when under the influence of liquor, and, lolling over the front of his pulpit, had declared he loved his congregation so much that he would carry them all to heaven on his back. "What do you say as to that?" a witness was asked. "Well, Sir, I'll just tell you what I thought," was the answer. "There was a great fat wife sitting in the pew in front of me; and, thinks I, 'My lad, if you set off to the kingdom of heaven with that wife on your back, you'll no be back in time for the rest of us in a hurry.'"

Down with D'Esprenenil! If anniversaries have any significance for the Russian official mind, the fact that the Bastille was stormed this week in 1789 will make the Guards look well to their strong places on Saturday. The deadly earnestness of the Duma recalls the doings of the French

revolutionists. But the latter had their humorists. In the midst of a vehement discussion, a speaker demanded that the house and furniture of one D'Esprenenil should be burnt. Of course. Voted unanimously. But an unconscionable objector arose. "Messieurs," he cried, "the upholsterer of D'Esprenenil demands to be heard." Permission was given. "I demand," he continued, "exception in favour of D'Esprenenil's furniture. That all belongs to me, seeing that I have not been paid for it. Is not my demand just?" It was perfectly just, they agreed. "Since you grant my request," continued the speaker, "dare I represent to you that the architect has not been paid for the house? So that the house ought also to be spared." "The house is spared; house and furniture both spared," was the answer. The beauty of the appeal is that the orator was the nefarious D'Esprenenil himself.

The Bishop's Ship. Delighted with their visit to Britain, the German editors are anxious that representative English journalists should now return the visit. Their German hosts promise that they will send a ship to carry them over. What will they send? England and Prussia have once before had an arrangement in which a ship figured. The two countries agreed to create a Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem, and upon the appointment of the first English Bishop, it was thought rather a good idea to send him out in a British man-of-war. Such a method of conveying a messenger of the gospel of peace did not appear incongruous in official eyes. Neither did it seem inappropriate that the vessel chosen should be H.M.S. *Infernal*. But to the Bishop it did. He refused to go by a boat so dreadfully named. "No difficulty about that," said the Admiralty, "you shall have another." He did. It was H.M.S. *Devastation*! And in it he went as far as Jaffa on his way to the Holy Land.

Foster-Parents. The united efforts of two bantam hens, devoting their attention to one nest, have produced a solitary chick. The mothers fought so savagely for possession of the offspring that the life of the latter was endangered and the little one removed to an aviary. Here tropical and other birds viewed the infant with alarm and horror, great, fluffy ostrich as he seemed to them. But he insisted upon being mothered. He claimed a pair of honeymooning doves, who disregarded him until he tugged out a beakful of the bride's neatest neck-feathers. Prudence or pity caused her to adopt this unruly rascal. She lured him to a bath,

and, he having valiantly emulated her splashing, she preened and spruced him up, and endeavoured to feed him as she would feed a dovelet, beak to beak. That did not answer, and he fell asleep under her wing, while chirping his discontent. But they are progressing. A beetle, which horribly alarmed her, appealed to his palate, but was too large for his beak. He worried and worried her, until at last, conquering her aversion, she seized the beetle in her bill and broke it up for her baby rooster.



ROSES FOR DESSERT: A DAINTY MEAL FROM THE LEAVES OF LA FRANCE ROSES.

American Society girls have found a new hobby in making dessert dishes of rose-leaves. The idea has been borrowed from the Chinese.
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A FLOWER DESSERT FOR 150 AMERICAN JUDGES.
The meal was prepared in a Chinese café from the freshest and choicest roses.
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



TEMPTING DEATH ON A POLE 313 FEET IN MID-AIR.

This feat was performed by a pole-climber in Minneapolis, who balanced himself on the top of a flagstaff. The photograph took the second prize in "Leslie's Weekly" competition.



A RECORD BONFIRE: FOOD FOR A GLORIOUS BLAZE.

The bonfire was erected for the Fourth of July by the city authorities of Salem, Massachusetts. Without fireworks the Yankees cannot get through Independence Day.—[Photograph supplied by W. A. Mountstephen.]



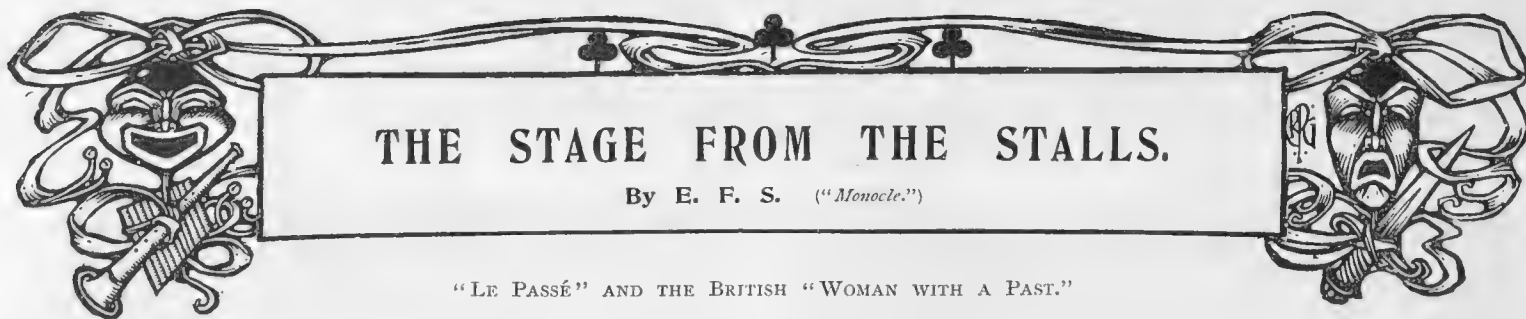
A HOUSE THAT GREW.

The body of the house is formed by a section of one of the giant Californian redwood-trees. It owes little to the human architect except its roof, windows, and floors.—[Photograph supplied by W. A. Mountstephen.]



CARPETS THAT GREW.

In Orotava, Tenerife, the Corpus Christi procession passes over floral carpets with which the streets on the route are covered during the festival. Beautiful tapestry designs are imitated with fresh blossoms.—[Photograph by Advance Agency.]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LE PASSÉ" AND THE BRITISH "WOMAN WITH A PAST."

A CURIOUS distinction exists between the modern French dramas that are shocking to the ordinary Briton and the foreign or native works, including those of Ibsen, which used to cause trouble and excite wrath some years ago. The "problem play" was often denounced by zealous critics as profoundly immoral, because the heroine had generally been engaged in some discreditable love-affair before the time when the play was supposed to begin. She was usually referred to as a "woman with a past." In most of those works, however, it was assumed that what one may baldly call her fall from chastity was more or less discreditable, and ought to bring about a punishment, and in the more notable there was some ethical question discussed in connection with her fall and attempted redemption. Moreover, a similar spirit is discoverable in the works of the French dramatists of last century. The elder Dumas professed to be moral—on paper; so did the younger, and in "La Dame aux Camélias" he recognised that the heroine was sinful yet purified by suffering. As a moral work it was an awful failure; but most of his plays are almost goody-goody in their teaching, if a little French in manner. Augier was quite stern when he presented the pirates in the sea of matrimony, and always brought them to a very bad end, as in the case of the heroine in "Le Mariage d'Olympe," concerning whom he invented the famous phrase, "la nostalgie de la boue."

Our modern French dramatist has changed all this, and yet our playgoers have altered little. One wonders how it came about that Mlle. Marthe Brandès was advised that such a play as "Le Passé," by M. Georges de Porto-Riche, would be acceptable to us. We were delighted to see the lady, for she is quite an admirable actress, not possessed, perhaps, of the amazing cleverness of Réjane, whose pure skill is always fascinating to the student of acting, but quite accomplished in technique and possessed of a notable power of exhibiting emotion, and even fine shades of emotion, and certainly endowed with the quality of being interesting, which, of course, defies analysis. Unfortunately, she began ill, for in "Le Passé" we have the "woman with a past" who is willing to make the past the future, who does not appear to possess any idea of right or wrong. We are expected to be thrilled by her suffering at the recollection of her ill-treatment by the person called François Prieur, and, I presume, to be interested in him; yet when one sees them together, the woman longing for the man, forgetful of past abandonment, and even of the fact that his mission to her is an abominable insult—since he has come to ask her not to spoil his sport with a young married woman to whom she stands

almost *in loco parentis*—and hears the man impudently saying that he would like to prolong his visit till to-morrow morning, a nasty phrase from Proverbs comes into one's mind concerning a habit of the dog.

Why on earth should we be interested in François Prieur or the women who can tolerate, admire, even love him? We are not all saints, or Josephs; most of us, men and women, alas! have a sneaking sympathy with those fellows whom we call "gay dogs;"

but the middle-aged, professional philanderer, the man who spends his life gambling and ruining, then deserting, women is outside the pale, and we feel that the woman who, knowing his character, endures him, is little less abominable than the man. Dominique, the famous lady sculptor, admits that she is thirty-eight—the cynic generally assumes that such an admission involves a suppressed discount of years. She knows that Prieur has treated her abominably, and that although he is now middle-aged his life lies in cards and the ruin of women; but she does not shrink in horror, and her male friends, with the exception of one who wants to marry her—selfish beggar!—seem to admire and envy him. One can hardly picture three decent Englishmen, or even one, that would endure the fellow for a moment. We were presented with the story, showing that Dominique very nearly became his mistress once more, but revolted when she discovered that he intended to keep on another little affair at the same time. Apparently it was jealousy and vexation of vanity that prevented this renewal of relations—a renewal which, so far as I can see, would not have mattered a bit if it had taken place.

No doubt there are people who take a deep interest in studies of the sentimental sensualist, like Dominique, and middle-aged Don Juans of the Prieur type; indeed, there must be a vast number of readers of the yellow-covered novels that discuss them *ad nauseam*, of people who revel in the subtle studies of diseased hearts written with remark-

able skill by Paul Bourget. There are also scientific people who are thrilled by the examination of the life-history of obscene reptiles and insects; but the middle-aged Briton, no model of morality nor prudish, is a bit squeamish: he knows what the Dominique and François, if placed in a rather lower stratum, would be: the man certainly "the green back" of fairly modern French slang. There is a sort of sickliness about them, very unpleasant, even when compared with the simple immorality of the ordinary British sensualist. Consequently it is hard to avoid protesting against the presentation on the stage of works belonging to this class.

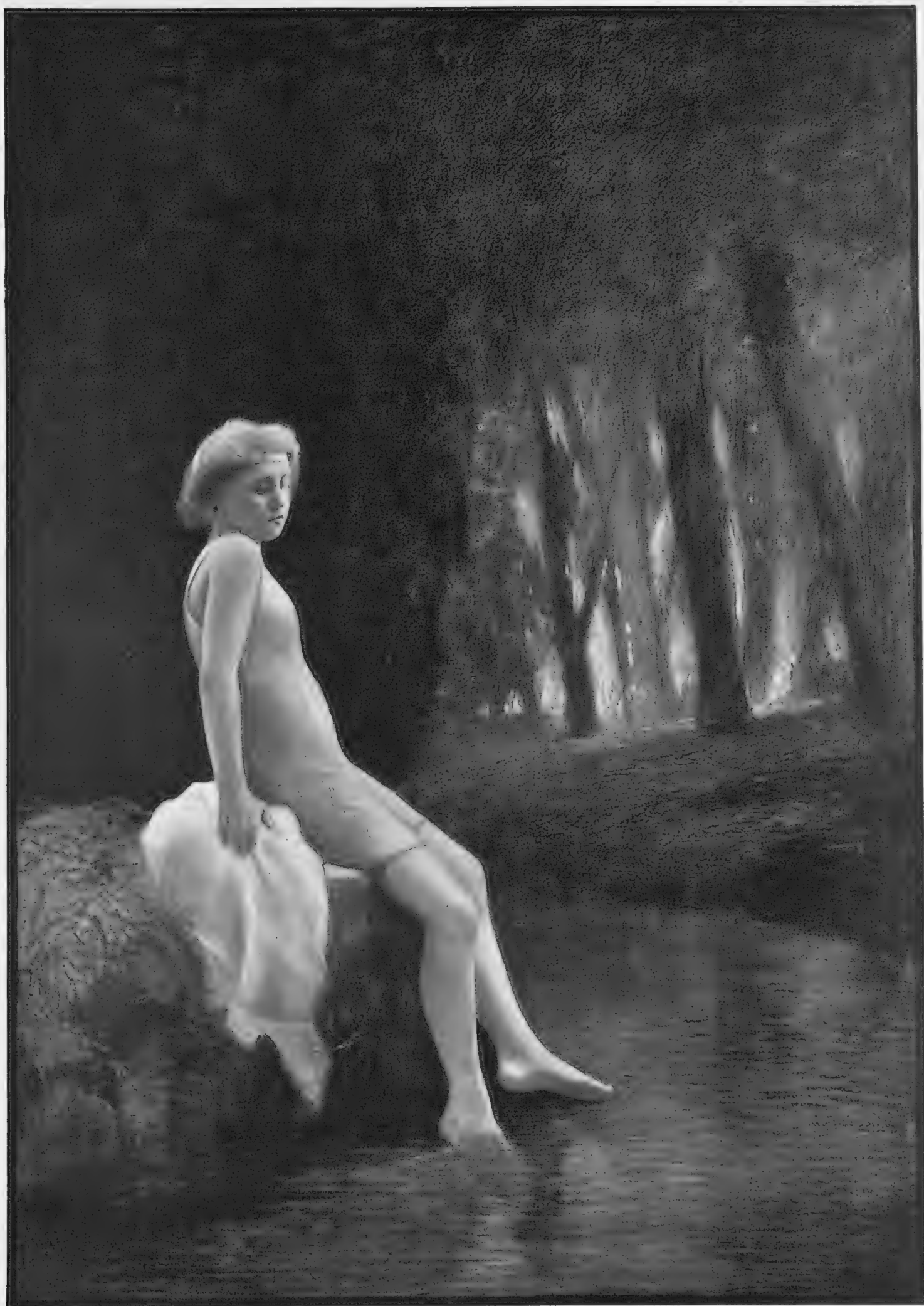


A PRINCIPAL IN "ARMIDE," AT COVENT GARDEN: M. ALTCHESKY.

M. Altchevsky is a Polish tenor who made his début this season in "Faust," and has already sung the part with Mesdames Melba, Donalds, and Alda. He has achieved considerable success on the Continent as Romeo in Gounod's opera, and may be heard in the part this season if the claims of other operas permit "Romeo and Juliet" to be given.

Photograph by Klary.

"LIKE DIAN BY THE STREAM'S ENCHANTED MIRROR."



BY A SHADY POOL.

A DOUBLE COME-DOWN.



A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS UNKIND.

THE CAMBERLEY TRAMP: "Pity a poor man, Miss, 'oo was once 'igh hup in the world, but 'as bin brought down to where I are now."
 MADAME SUBURBIA: "Go away; I'm in the same position myself. I was at the top of the house when you knocked."

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

A SOOTABLE SUGGESTION.



"'WEEP! 'WEEP!'"

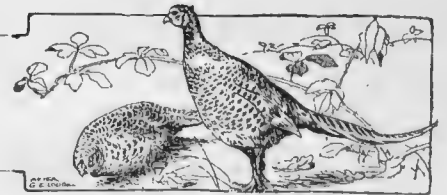
SWEEP (to conductor of motor-'bus, which has stopped and is throwing out volumes of smoke): Can I be of any use to yer?

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Denshaw Tragedy.*

When I read the news of the murder of the British officer at Denshaw, in Egypt, I thought, in common with most people, that the affair was founded upon the ill-feeling that has prevailed in Egypt of late between certain advanced Mohammedans and the Government, and has been the direct result of the preaching of the Pan-Islam doctrines. Then came the news of the pigeon-shooting trip, and I seemed to see in a flash the true genesis of the unhappy business. I have not shot pigeon in Egypt, but I have shot quail there, and pigeon in other parts of North Africa, and learned by some very curious little experiences how pigeons are regarded by the devout Moslem. Most of us believe that the Moslem is cruel to all the lower animals, and those who have seen him dealing with camels, mules, and donkeys may well feel justified of their belief. But custom and superstition come to the rescue of a good many creatures that might fare very badly under ordinary circumstances, and throughout the North of Africa you will find the stork, the pigeon, and the sparrow-hawk treated with a measure of care that is associated with reverence.

Sacred Birds.

I remember coming in "the hours of fire" of a late May day to a big village in Central Morocco. All the countryside seemed to blaze in the sun's heat, and there was no shelter anywhere. I saw that a small rim of shade, just enough to shield one's head, was afforded by the wall of an old mosque, and I made my way in that direction, succeeding, but with some difficulty, in keeping a cool head, for the shelter was far from being complete. I remember the occasion, because I saw my native servant lying at rest in the shadow cast by his own horse, while the faithful brute, knowing, apparently, that his master sought a little sleep, stood perfectly still, and did not even endeavour to rid itself of the flies. The mosque stood well apart from the big house built of *tabia* in which the headman lived; but for all the quivering heat the headman came personally to say I was welcome, and to request me not to shoot storks and pigeons, for they were sacred. He had no occasion for uneasiness—I would not choose midday in the African summer for pigeon-shooting under any circumstances; but it was quite clear that the headman was very ill at ease until he had my assurance.

in their own picturesque idiom "took refuge with Allah against the infidel." I gathered that something was wrong and sent for my servant, who was told at once that the pigeon was a sacred one belonging to the mosque. It had ventured right out of bounds, presumably in search of some of the young green stuff that grew in the orchard, and, coming over first when the boys went among the trees, had paid the heaviest possible penalty. I sent my servant to the headmen of the village and instructed him to express my apologies and regrets, and to say that, had I known the pigeon was a sacred one, I should not have thought of shooting it. After a long palaver with the grey-bearded



"THE PHILISTINES ARE UPON THEE, SAMSON."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



HENPECKED INNOCENCE.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

A Pigeon of Importance.

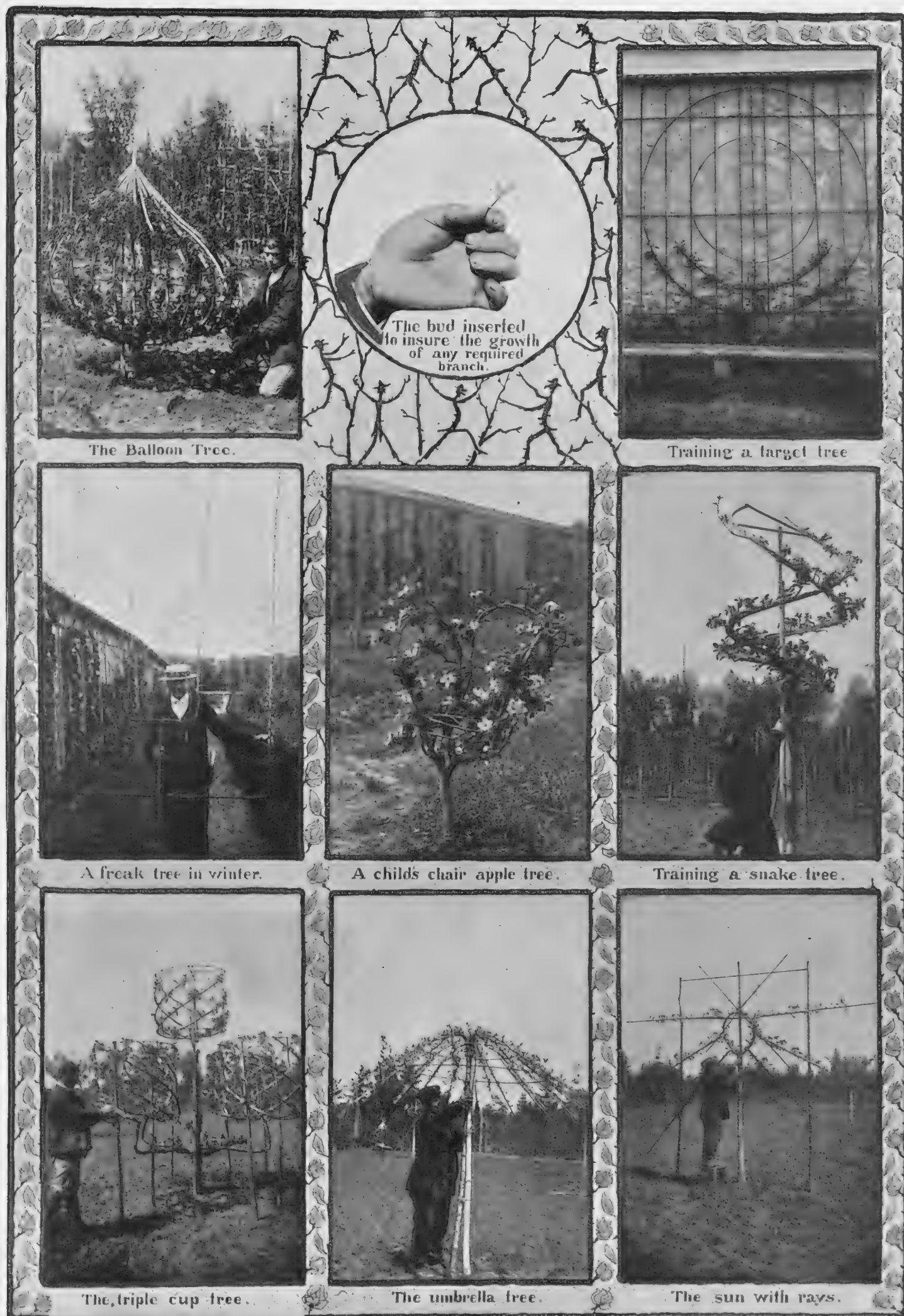
On another occasion I went pigeon-shooting on the outskirts of the Argan Forest one afternoon, and when the boys of the nearest village saw me leaving my tent a dozen of them followed to act as beaters and drive the birds over the gun. The first bird to come over was a very plump one, and when it fell I was surprised to see considerable unrest among the lads who had driven the first lot of birds from cover. None would pick it up, and two or three made the sign that averts the evil eye and

chiefs, who wished to know all about my journey, my man came back with the assurance that they accepted my explanation and would be satisfied if I would give the sacred bird proper burial. On no account was it to be eaten. I agreed to the headmen's request at once, and we dug a little grave for the victim before another shot was fired. Then I moved off into the wilder part of the forest, where no self-respecting sacred pigeon was likely to be found. I was told that had I taken up any other attitude, the consequences would have been serious, for the death of a sacred bird will excite Mohammedans to fury. In Egypt the pigeons enjoy a special degree of favour.

His Majesty the Stork.

In Morocco and in some parts at least of Algeria the stork is equally favoured. He is free to build where he will, to bring his young to the marshes and river-beds and teach them all the arts of flight and fishing quite undisturbed. If a lad should find a young stork fallen from its nest he will go to some trouble to restore it, while where the other birds are concerned he is perfectly indifferent, not to say cruel. Nobody knows why the stork always chooses the Mohammedan part of a city in preference to that inhabited by people of another faith, but it is not to be denied that the birds show preference for the Moslems' house. The Moorish explanation is at least an interesting one. The Moors say that in days of old the stork was a great Sultan, and that he had an almost irresistible desire to create laughter. One day he invited all his great Wazeers, men noted for their age and piety, to attend a special reception at the Palace. He sat on the throne at the top of the staircase, and instructed his slaves to grease all the top stairs. As the greybeards approached their destination their feet slipped, and they rolled back in great confusion, while the Sultan enjoyed the joke immensely and never ceased from laughing. It chanced, however, that one of the old gentlemen upon whom he played the trick was a saint, who at once called upon Allah to avenge his wrong. In a moment the Sultan was changed into a stork, and his laughter became no more than the clatter of the bird's mandibles. When the stork sounds his strange call now Moorish children declare that the Sultan is laughing.

TRAIN UP A TREE IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO.



FREAK TREES AND FANTASIES IN FOLIAGE.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AMONG the innumerable books on Japan, Mr. A. H. Edwards' "Kakemono: Japanese Sketches" is one of the most entertaining. Mr. Edwards makes much of Japanese politeness. Even in the public-houses the "sake" drinker only becomes politer and politer, until the Japanese smile of courtesy broadens into a large, fixed, unending amiable grin, and the "sake" drunkard goes politely, though stumblingly, home to sleep. But of even "sake" drunkenness there is little; for the most part "o cha" (honourable tea) and "o kashi" (honourable cakes) content these uncivilised Bank Holiday makers.

The devotion of Japanese women to the Emperor is illustrated by a story of a widow whose son was exempted from active service in the war. Seeing that her son was depressed, and learning that he was in some way disqualified from serving, she went to the local prefect, who told her that the only sons of widows were exempt from fighting. Going home, the mother made preparations, wrote a letter to her son, and then made an end of her life. Next morning the son was on his way to the front.

Mr. Edwards is also emphatic on the Japanese sense of beauty. He says: "A man I knew was once crossing Tokyo in a 'ricksha'; he was a prosperous commercial being with a vast contempt for the 'heathen.' It was late afternoon. His kurumyo, after looking round at him several times, suddenly stopped short, and waving his hand, to the west, said respectfully but firmly, 'Honourably please to observe the unusual glory of the sunset.' 'And I told him to jolly well get on,' was the end of the story as I heard it."

He reproduces two signs over Tokyo shops—

RINGS, BRONCHITIS, AND OTHER JEWELRY.
BEST KINDS ONLY KEPT IN STOCK.

And this over a baker's shop—

BEARDS, VINE CAKES, AND SLOR FOR SALE.

A literary gossip overheard an American lady entreating her husband to buy her a book to read in the train. He refused good-naturedly. "My dear," he said, "you can do that in Bawst'n; here you have got to soak in all the scenery you can, and pour it out to the children when we get home."

A veteran journalist, Mr. H. Findlater Bussey, has published a little volume of anecdotes and reminiscences under the title

"Sixty Years of Journalism" (Arrowsmith). The title is enough to give one a shudder, but the book is quite readable. Some of Mr. Bussey's early recollections are connected with Brighton. He remembers the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway in 1848. A Parliamentary train at a penny a mile had no roof, and the consequence was that, wet or fine, hail, wind, sleet, or snow, a third-class carriage strongly resembled an ordinary coal-truck, except that it had bare wooden seats. In one of these miserable conveyances Mr.

Bussey was carried to Brighton in the month of February for the first time. The fifty-two miles' journey occupied from three and a half to four hours. All the way snow and sleet were varied by chilling, drenching rain, and the passengers got to Brighton at last half drowned and half frozen.

In Brighton Mr. Bussey knew the famous preacher, F. W. Robertson, and used to report his sermons for a French lady of title. Happily, Mr. Bussey kept some of Mr. Robertson's most striking orations, and presented them to the committee that opened a fund for the benefit of his widow immediately after his premature death. Mr. Bussey tells us that Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, was residing in Brighton at that time, and he frequently saw her seated in a pew not far from the pulpit, listening with rapt attention to the preacher's lofty and glowing periods. After the death of Mr. Robertson, Lady Byron had a bust of him chiselled by a local sculptor, who procured a plaster cast of the dead man's features.

It is good news that another edition of Mr. Swinburne's "Study of William

Blake" is to be published shortly. This is to contain a preface, in which Mr. Swinburne will condemn what he considers to be the fantastic theories concerning the meaning and value of the prophetic books which have lately been advanced, and will also contend that as a matter of fact there is no Celtic literature at all of the smallest value. In a characteristic paragraph Mr. Swinburne says: "Some Hibernian commentator on Blake, if I rightly remember a fact so insignificant, has somewhere said something to some such effect as that I, when writing about some fitfully audacious and fanciful delirious deliverance of the poet he claimed as a countryman, and trying to read into it some coherent and imaginative significance, was innocent of any knowledge of Blake's meaning." This amazingly clumsy sentence seems to be aimed at Mr. W. B. Yeats, who edited Blake along with Mr. Ellis. Mr. Yeats, I believe, has seen occasion to modify some of his theories. But Mr. Swinburne irresistibly recalls the famous observation of Mr. Toots to the Chicken. "Chicken," said Mr. Toots, "your expressions are coarse and your meaning is obscure."—O. O.



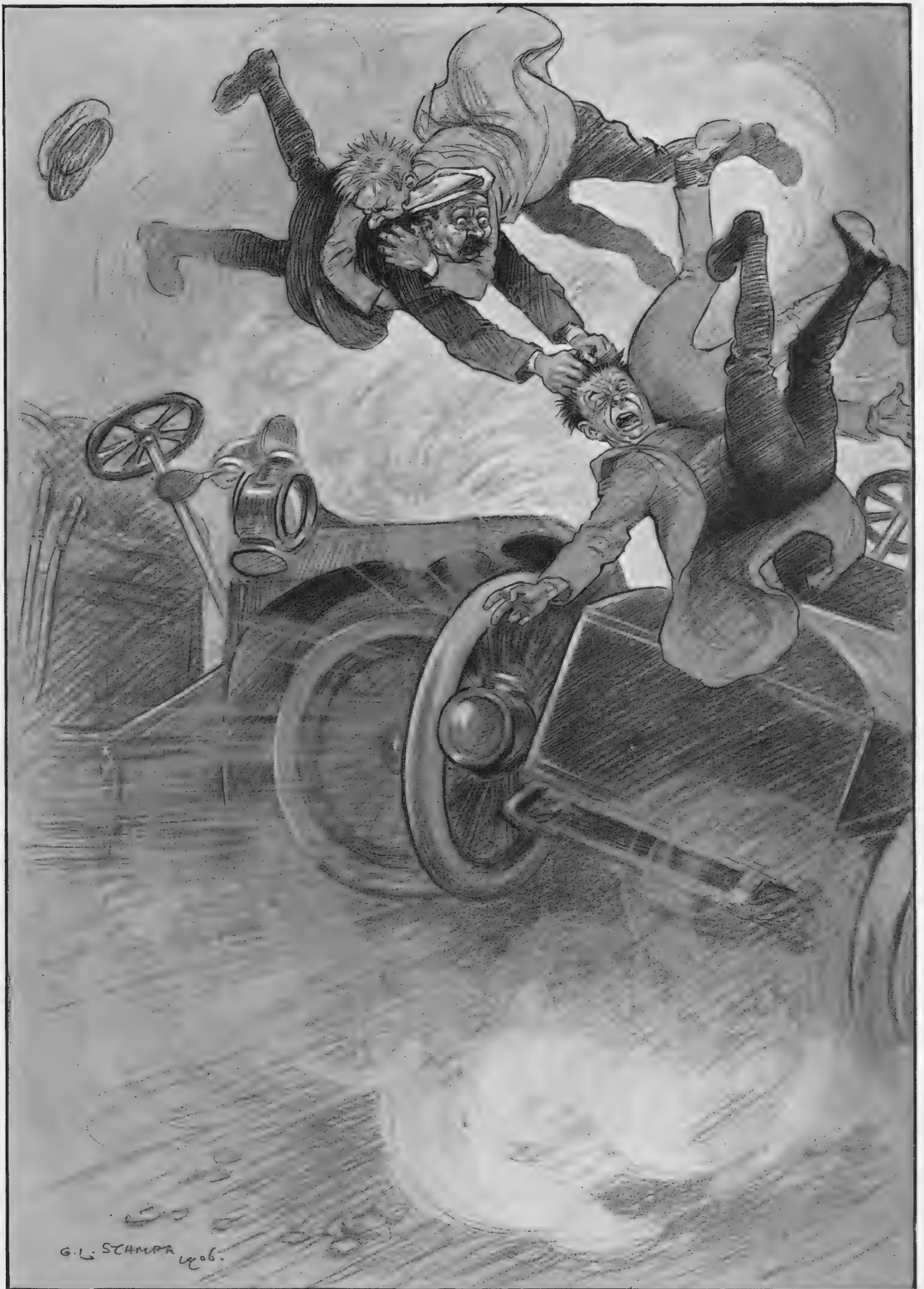
"TO WITCH THE WORLD WITH NOBLE HORSEMANSHIP."

OLD LADY: Do make haste, Cabman, please. I shall lose my train.

CABBY: Well, you see, Mum, 'e always falls on 'is 'ed if 'e trots down 'ill; 'e can't run up 'ill, for 'e's broken-winded; an' if you 'urry 'im on the level 'e gen'ly 'as a fit o' the staggers. But we'll try if you likes, Mum. Kim up, Spearmint!

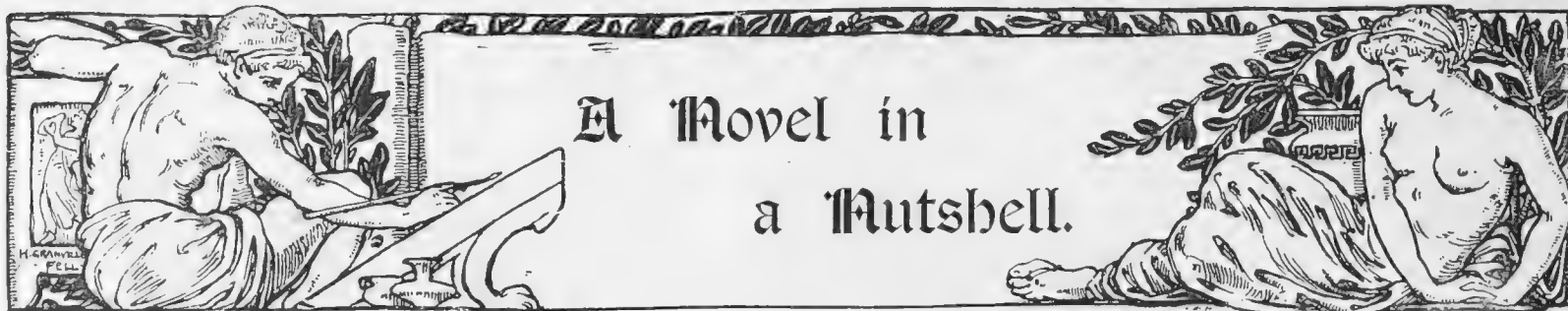
DRAWN BY CHARLES RICHARDSON.

CROSS - PURPOSES.



AT THE CROSS - ROADS.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE CAD'S TRAGEDY.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

"AFTER last night . . . of course—" she said.

Then she stopped short and looked at him. It was not a pleasant thing she had to say, and she hoped—sincerely—that he would not force her to say it. Another man—a man of her own set, as she put it to herself—would have understood, would have helped her out. It only proved how little he belonged to the class of men she owned as her equals that he stood before her now speechless, awkward, when he might at least have made an attempt to offer her the only sort of assistance left to him.

"You—understand?" she said.

She herself understood perfectly. She was free. Even her family, in desperate straits for money as the Bullaces had been for any time within the memory of man, could not expect her to marry this man now. He had always been a cad and a bounder, and she had always hated him, though she had meant to marry him. The Bullaces had become too poor to be particular; Charles, her favourite brother, was desperately in debt, and Fanny and Mabel were already clamouring to be let out of the school-room. She herself, in the light of her own experience, had come to the conclusion that Fanny and Mabel, if they had known what was good for them, would have been less anxious to open the schoolroom door and emerge into the world without. The world, from her point of view, had not used her well. She had been launched into a set in which poverty was the unpardonable sin; and she had been poor. Her engagement to The Cad—as Charlie Bullace had christened him—was the outcome of dire necessity, a move made desperately, with the shadow of impending ruin before her eyes. If it had been only her own fate which hung in the balance, she could have been brave. She would have given up everything, and married Valentine Bullace, her cousin, and been happy according to her own lights. But her family had depended upon her, upon her beauty, her charm—the only marketable articles still left to the once great house of Bullace—to secure to them the rich son-in-law and brother-in-law whose financial prestige would help to avert their doom for a time at least, if it could do no more than that. Perhaps the Bullaces, being a cheerful-minded race, hoped that it would do a good deal more. But not all the vanished hopes of the Bullaces could lessen the infinite relief which filled their sister's mind as she looked at Monty Montague's tragic little figure, and knew that she was free.

"You understand?" she said again.

He made a movement of assent. His face was ghastly, and for the first time in her life she felt that under other circumstances it might have been possible to be sorry for him. In his own way, no doubt, he had been fond of her; and though it had been a way that had irritated and humiliated her beyond the power of words to say, it had still quite probably been sincere.

"I'm feeling a bit silly this morning," he said slowly. "But I—I don't think I do quite understand. You sent for me to tell me something, didn't you?"

Victoria Bullace had a moment of impatience.

"I sent for you to tell you that of course—considering what has happened—you will understand that our—our engagement is at an end," she said.

Monty looked at her stupidly. The pallor of his face deepened a little.

"You think it's really true?" he said. "You think I . . . cheated?"

Victoria avoided his look.

"It's all very painful—very unpleasant. What am I to say? They found that the cards were—marked."

Monty nodded heavily.

"Yes—they were marked, right enough. You think I marked 'em, Vic?"

Her impatience grew. She had always hated it when he called her "Vic." Did not Valentine call her "Vic" too?

"I don't know who else could have marked them," she said, with cold anger. "I suppose you do not accuse Lord Carwell, or Captain Gey, or—or Valentine."

"I see. Carwell or Gey or—or Val Bullace—couldn't have done it. So I did. That's the way you settle it."

She looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Well—do you accuse any of the others? Do you say that any of them cheated? Do you expect me to believe it was Lord Carwell or Philip Gey—or Val?"

There was a sound of sharp contempt in her voice. He was taking it badly, she told herself—taking it as such a man might have been expected to take it. Anyone but a cad would not have argued, would not have tried to hold her. . . . Was he trying to hold her—to a cheat? At the thought she all but lost her temper.

"Do you expect me to believe it wasn't you?" she asked.

"No, I don't. When the row began I knew—I was sure. . . ." He broke off for a second. "I said to myself, 'I'm the outsider—and I shall get left.' And I did. They turned on me—at once. Why shouldn't they? They were one lot, and I was the other—and they stuck to their own lot and accused me. I was the outsider—I've been the outsider all along. I've known that—even with you."

He was silent. He looked round the great, dim room with a sort of wistfulness. In its dimness, its shabbiness, there was something, some quality, subtle, elusive, indescribable, which all his wealth could not buy.

"Money ain't everything," he said slowly. "I've been an outsider—always. A cad, as your brother Charlie calls me—I heard him one day when he thought I didn't. It's been a mistake—I see that now. I ought to have stayed among my own people. You're all too smart for me."

"Even among your own people, as you call them, it isn't usual, I suppose, to cheat at cards?"

She could not help the thrust. Had he not called her "smart"—of all words the most detestable? Had he not implied that her set, her friends, had been unjust to him, simply because he was, as he admitted, an outsider? Anger and disgust surged up hotly in her heart as she looked at him.

"I'm glad you see it was a mistake," she said. "I can't tell you how I despise myself for ever having thought it even possible to marry you."

She was glad to have said it, glad to have broken the last link of convention, of hypocrisy, which bound her to him. He looked at her with the odd, wistful look which he had fixed, a moment before, upon the stately old room which, in its aristocratic shabbiness, mocked the uselessness of his wealth.

"I know—I know. I was in the conservatory last night when you—when you were there—you and your cousin."

She flushed scarlet, turning upon him furiously.

"You—you listened?"

"No. But I heard. You needn't mind. I think I knew it before—and, anyway, it's all over now, isn't it?" He was silent for a second, and still his eyes rested upon her with the look she did not understand.

"You care—a lot?" he said.

"What right have you to ask me such a question?"

[Continued overleaf.]

BOTTLED VOICES: A WHACKING REMINDER.



"Hullo! Master's voice again. Well, I'm off!"

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

(With Apologies to the well-known Gramophone Plate.)

"You were going to marry me," he said gently. "And you cared for him all the time. Don't you think, Vic, it was a bit rough on me—it wasn't playing fair, was it?"

"Did you play fair—last night?"

A gleam of anger showed in his eyes.

"I'm not saying what I did. But one can cheat at other games besides cards. You say I cheated last night—cheated your friends, your cousin. Did you never cheat me?"

For the first time she saw herself as he must see her.

"Yes. I am afraid I did."

"And yet at the first word against me you give me up—you who meant to cheat me all my life, to cheat me in a game a lot bigger than what we played last night. . . . No—I didn't mean to say that. I know you couldn't help it, Vic—I know you couldn't care for me. But you wanted my money, you wanted what my money could give you—you said so to Val Bullace last night. You meant to take all I could give, and you didn't care—you hated me. . . . Was it fair, Vic?"

"No, it wasn't fair." She was angry no longer—she was even a little ashamed. "It was—hateful," she said.

"Well, it's over. You meant to tell me that, didn't you? . . . It's over. I hope you'll be happier with Val Bullace than you would have been with me."

There was a certain dignity about him at last. He was a cad, an irrepressible bounder, but after all he had cared for her very deeply, in his own way. She felt it at that moment, and forgot much that had gone before.

"Thank you," she said. "It's generous of you to say that. But I can't marry Val, you know. He's too poor, and so am I. If there had been the least chance that I could have married him, I hope you will believe that I would never have—cheated you."

II.

Charlie Bullace called it "The Cad's Tragedy." Perhaps Charlie Bullace alone felt any genuine pity for The Cad. His pity for The Cad was allied to another and a greater pity for himself. Victoria Bullace was once again an unengaged beauty in her fourth season—with every prospect of remaining so; and Fanny and Mabel had both of them emerged from obscurity with snub noses and no particular *éclat*. The Bullaces had always been famous for their bad luck; and Charlie's financial outlook began to worry him.

And then a far-off relative whose existence they had almost forgotten died suddenly—it seemed sudden, at any rate, to them—and left a fortune which no one had ever suspected him of possessing to Victoria Bullace.

The house of Bullace rejoiced openly. Charlie's debts were paid; people began to comment less frequently upon the depressing plainness of Fanny and Mabel; and Victoria, still half-incredulous of her own good fortune, announced her engagement to her cousin Valentine.

She had forgotten little Monty Montague and that fateful interview in the blue drawing-room of Bullace Conquest. Her set knew little Monty no more. He was not the only person in the world who cheated at cards, certainly—but, then, he had been found out. The fact that Lord Carwell and Philip Gey had deliberately laid a trap for him, and that in Carwell's own house, did not make much difference to Society at large. He was "a little bounder, a little beast," and, as somebody had been cheating, Carwell, not quite unnaturally, had hoped, as he phrased it, to catch him out. And he had been caught out under quite exceptionally disgraceful circumstances—and that was the end of him.

"Poor little beggar, he was awfully gone on Vic," Charlie Bullace would say occasionally, if his name was mentioned; and that, so far as Society was concerned, was Monty Montague's epitaph.

Victoria Bullace's second engagement was a brief one. Already the school-children at Bullace Conquest were looking forward to the wild dissipation of a wedding at the big house; already beflagged arches were rising swiftly in the village. Victoria and Valentine were alone in the blue drawing-room in which Monty Montague had been sent about his business. Victoria remembered him suddenly, in the midst of her own happiness.

"Poor Mr. Montague," she said. "Do you remember the night you caught him cheating, Val? I wonder what has become of him?"

Valentine grinned. Some men get drunk on success as effectually as others do on intoxicants of a less airy nature. Val was drunk with success that day. He was very much in love with Victoria, and still more in love with Victoria's fortune; most of all, he was in love with his own luck, with his own cleverness.

"Poor little beast!" he said charitably. "What a cad he was, wasn't he, darling? But you know the cheating business was all moonshine."

"Moonshine?"

"Humbug—rubbish—anything you like. I worked it awfully well. If it hadn't been for that, you'd be Mrs. Monty Montague by now, sure as fate."

Victoria sat up very straight. She did not understand.

"You worked it . . . ! What on earth do you mean?"

"What I say. It was the only way out, you know. It was something Carwell said put it into my head. He was awfully sorry for you, and he said what a pity it was we couldn't prove the little beast had another wife, or cheated at cards, or something that would stop the marriage. That made me think."

"Made you think? . . . Go on, Val. Made you think . . . what?"

"Well, I cheated a little for a night or two, just to see if they spotted it—if they'd suspect anyone. Awfully sorry, darling. I didn't want the money, you know—I only did it for you. They tumbled to it beautifully, and then—well, then, I couldn't help going on. I marked the cards, knowing that Carwell meant to catch Monty out that night . . . and he did, you know."

"You marked the cards . . . knowing that . . . you?"

Valentine Bullace, with all the superb self-conceit of a long line of Bullaces strong within him, began to feel a little doubtful as to the entire wisdom of his confidences. He looked uncomfortably at Victoria's white face.

"Hang it, Vic darling, all's fair in love and war, you know! Well, perhaps it was a bit of a low-down trick to play; but then, you see, I did it for you. And he was a little bounder—he oughtn't to have been in our set at all—it served him right to get him kicked out of it. And I daresay he did something much worse than cheat, if we'd happened to know what it was—only we didn't; and it was my last chance of getting you. I'd have done anything to do that—and I've done it, haven't I, Vic?"

He bent down to kiss the white face which stared up at him. Victoria had just come in from a drive, and her driving-gloves lay in her lap. Before he could kiss her, she had struck him across the face with them.

"Oh, you cad!" she said. "You cad!"

III.

Fanny and Mabel, despite their snub noses, married within the year; and Victoria, the beauty, from whom the house of Bullace had hoped to reap such golden benefits, officiated as their chief bridesmaid. It was not for want of asking that she had no need for bridesmaids of her own. She refused Lord Carwell; she refused Philip Gey. Charlie, assuming the privilege of an elder brother, began to chaff her upon her hard-heartedness.

"No one's good enough for you, Vic," he said. "I believe you've got your eye on a big catch—you're waiting for somebody."

"Perhaps I am," she said quietly.

She waited for over a year; but the big catch did not come. For the big catch had his pride, just as she had hers. Then, one day, her pride broke down, and she sent for him; and when he read her note, his pride also broke down—and he came.

She saw him in the blue drawing-room of Bullace Conquest. It had been shabby when he left it last—it was shabby still, for she had never allowed it to be altered. Perhaps it stood to her for something more than a room—for that old, fine honour of the Bullaces which Valentine Bullace's hand had dragged down before her eyes into the dust of trickery and shame.

"You sent for me," Monty said.

"Yes. I knew you would never come unless I sent for you. I want to beg your pardon—I have wanted to do so for over a year. You were innocent all the time—it was Valentine who cheated; and you knew it, and never accused him, never tried to clear yourself. . . ."

It was not easy to speak calmly of Valentine's trickery, even now. She broke off, and he watched her with the wistful look she knew so well.

"He did it for you," he said. "And you loved him—how could I expose him? He was your cousin—he had your name. What would you have thought of him if you had known?"

"What I think of him now."

"And what would you have thought of me? . . . I wanted you to be happy. I thought if you had the money—and him—"

He saw the slip he had made—too late. And he coloured as though he had been detected in a crime.

"I see. The money Cousin Geoffrey left me was yours—you arranged it with him." She paused, with a sort of sob. "Isn't there something in the Bible about—about coals of fire?"

Monty Montague was not apt at Scriptural quotation. He shook his head.

"I don't know. I wanted you to be happy," he said lamely. "What was the money to me?"

"But I can't keep it—now I know."

"You can't give it back to me."

She was silent. He stood before her, awkward, speechless, as he had stood once before; but to her his awkwardness was the modesty of a great and generous spirit, his silence was eloquent.

"I can't give it back to you," she said, "and I can't keep it. And, however hard I tried, I don't think I could ever repay you. But I would try to repay you—if you asked me."

"You want to—repay me?" he asked slowly.

Victoria Bullace, the hard-hearted, the unapproachable, put out her hands with a sob.

"If you will let me—Monty," she said.

Long afterwards Victoria Montague told her husband the title Charlie had given to the story of his discomfiture at the hands of Lord Carwell and Valentine Bullace; and Monty Montague laughed.

"But you see, 'The Cad's Tragedy' is all very well," he said; "but it wasn't a tragedy at all."

"Neither were you the cad," said Victoria.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The closure of the theatres continues. On Saturday Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry finished their season at the New; on Friday the Duke of York's will close, and on Saturday Mr. Otho Stuart will bring the run of "The Taming of the Shrew" to an end, while Mr. Waller will conclude his season at the Lyric on the same day.

If things go on at the present rate the musical plays will be left almost alone to brave the dog days, for resolutions to close are rapidly arrived at when the thermometer is rising. The one theatre which it is practically safe to say will remain open whatever the weather may be at the end of the month and during August is the St. James's, where "His House in Order" is still attracting large audiences.

The result of the closure has been that the favourite players are planning to get away, while some of them have already started.

Miss Mary Moore, for instance, is on the Continent, and her ultimate destination will probably be Marienbad, where she will rest pending her return for her season with Sir Charles Wyndham. Miss Constance Collier is going to the neighbourhood of Devizes with her husband, with the prospect of riding on Salisbury Plain every day, while, if time permits, they may take a trip to Switzerland. Miss Gertie Millar starts her holiday at Broadstairs, but it is by no means improbable that she will not end there; if Miss Jessie Bateman can get away from "Raffles" for a few days she will go to Dieppe. Certain actresses prefer to keep their place of sojourn secret, and so escape observation, and among them are Miss Lena Ashwell and Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Mr. Charles Frohman's enterprises are always interesting, and the comprehensive vigour of his methods fully justifies a title that has often been bestowed upon him—the Napoleon of the stage. While his plans for next season on both sides of the Atlantic are not yet complete, he has already secured the services of some of our most famous actors and actresses. Miss Ellen Terry will tour with him in America for thirteen weeks; Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and the members of their company will also cross the Atlantic under his banner, while Mr. John Hare is to play Napoleon in M. Pierre Berton's "La Belle Marseillaise" in London, the provinces, and possibly later on, in America.

So far as authors go, Mr. Frohman is no less fortunate in his names, for in September he is producing in New York "The Hypocrites," a new play in four acts by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, a play by Mr. Sutro, and one by Mr. H. V. Esmond. He has also engaged a great many English actors to go to America in the autumn, and his English enterprises will require the services of a great many more, no fewer than thirty important parts being introduced into "La Belle Marseillaise."

Mr. Frohman may thus reasonably pride himself on the fact that he is "giving more employment to English actors than any English manager." By so doing he relieves the congested situation here to a certain extent by sending so many English players

to America, where their financial advantage is greater, for when they cross the Atlantic they go at an increased salary, while if they go into the provinces it is at a smaller one. This view of the situation certainly warrants Mr. Frohman's assumption that he does not feel that, as an American manager, he is doing anything but good for the English players.

It is not often that the middle of July sees the production of a new play. Next Tuesday, however, has been set apart for the presentation of "The Prince Chap," by Mr. Edward Peple, at the Criterion Theatre. The play is remarkable for the fact that the heroine is represented at three different ages, so that the part is to be played by three different actresses—Miss Betty Green appearing in the first act, Miss Geraldine Wilson in the second, and Miss Janet Alexander in the third. The appearance of Miss Alexander proves that the heroine is not very far advanced in life when

the final curtain falls. As a matter of fact, there is a difference of only three years between her appearance in the first and second acts, and ten years between the second and third. Among the other members of the company are Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Evelyn Weeden, and Miss Lilia Waldegrave; Mr. George Shelton, Mr. Sam Sothorn, Mr. Frank Collins, and Mr. H. R. Roberts, the last of whom is a well-known Australian actor who has already secured the rights of the play for Australia and South Africa.

A new dramatist, recruited, as so many new dramatists are at present, from the ranks of journalism, made his appearance yesterday afternoon at the Duke of York's Theatre in the person of Mr. Philip Gibbs, who collaborated with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, another journalist, in the one act play, "The Escape of John Merchant," which, with Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Hamilton's play, "A Sense of Humour," was given in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mr. Gibbs is one of the literary editors of the *Tribune*.

To-morrow evening Mlle. Marthe Regnier will be the bright particular star at the Royalty, and assisted by Mlle. Dorziat, M. Dubosc, and M. Gauthier she will appear in "Petit Chagrin," which will be repeated on the following evening. On Saturday at both the matinée and the evening performance will be given "Petite Peste," a play by M. Romain Coolus, which was originally produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. The play introduces something of a novelty in the person of a gentleman who has been engaged no fewer than thirty-one times, but who eventually settles down contentedly

with the little plague who entices him away from a rendezvous he had with a married lady living in the house next-door to his own.

Miss Ellaline Terriss having decided to take a holiday, which will begin on Saturday, Miss Zena Dare has been selected to take her place, and the popular young actress will appear in "The Beauty of Bath" from that day until further notice.

Before the end of the season Mr. Bouchier intends to produce his adaptation of M. Anatole France's "Crainquebille," to which he has given the title "Down Our Alley." The play deals with the life of the coster, so that the scene has been transferred from Paris to London. Mr. Bouchier will himself act the leading part.



Mlle. IRENE RONZIO.
Photograph by Klary.



Mlle. LUCIE RAULIN.
Photograph by Ouvre.

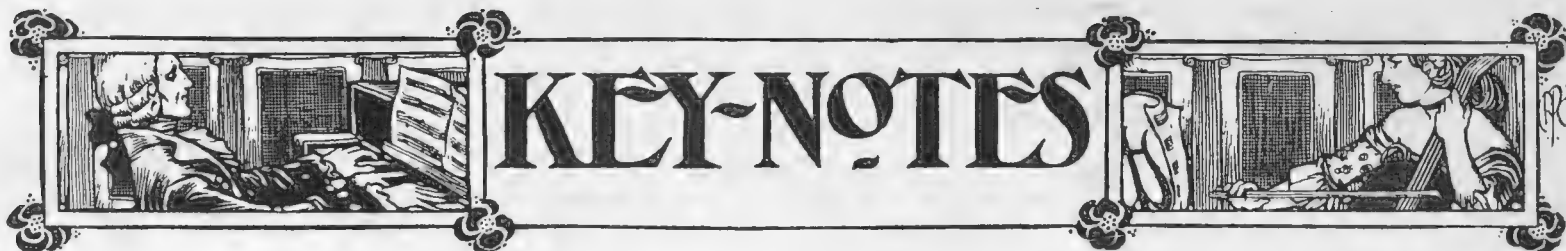


Mlle. IRMA LEGRAND (TRAVESTI).
Photograph by Echler.

DANCERS IN THE REVIVED BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.



Mlle. AIDA BONI (PRIMA BALLERINA),
IN "ARMIDE."
Photograph by Klary.



THE death of Manuel Garcia took place a few days ago with all those accompaniments of quiet simplicity which the great centenarian himself would have desired. Living as he did during both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, born some eleven years before the Battle of Waterloo, he indeed passed over a musical career which witnessed political and wide-world changes given to few men to perceive. To take the matter from his own artistic point of view, Mozart had been dead but a few years before he was born; he was a boy of nine years old when Wagner was born; he saw the rise and fall of the once popular school of Italian music; he witnessed Donizetti at his prime; he lived through the whole career of Bellini; Meyerbeer was to him practically a youngster at the time of that composer's death, and, indeed, it would seem that comparisons might be extended to an enormous degree in order to show the relative position of Manuel Garcia with that of his own contemporary musicians. His father, known by the name of Manuel Vincente Garcia, was recognised as being a very accomplished musician during the eighteenth century; that father was a singer, an actor, an impresario, a conductor, and a composer; so, through the feeling for composition and for public appearance which the late Signor Garcia obviously inherited, there came down a family tradition which, indeed, he in his lifetime nobly fulfilled.

Manuel Garcia, then, was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1806, in Catalonia. We are reminded by a contemporary that thereby Haydn was still in the ardour of composition, Beethoven was not yet forty years of age; Weber was only twenty years old, and Schubert was

a career to any further extraordinary issues. It only makes one think rather seriously of the few gifts which time has in store for artists, gifts which may at occasional times be crowded into a career of less than two score years, and yet which, on the other hand, may be given to one who over-passes the century of his artistic development.

Garcia, of course, knew more than most of his contemporaries of the organisation of the throat; he knew precisely how to work the various organs which belong to the science of vocalisation, and his unique experience made him the master which he proved himself to be by reason of the enormous success of his many distinguished pupils. It must not be forgotten, either, that Garcia invented the laryngoscope, whereby he reduced his methods of teaching to an absolute science. From that point he never did anything in the way of vocal tuition which was not dictated by scientific principles, or by anything which depended upon mere theory as apart from scientific treatment. Well, he has left us, and it may be hoped that his example and his teaching will remain with us. It is certain that he never took upon himself any responsibility which he did not feel to be justified from a scientific point of view. The example of his long and honourable career may be held up as a banner to other men who occasionally attempt to win their laurels without the scientific intelligence which Garcia gave to his work.



MADAME MELBA'S PROTÉGÉE: MISS IRENE AINSLEY.

Miss Irene Ainsley is the young New Zealand contralto for whom, on July 10, Madame Melba gave a concert in the presence of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales and other distinguished personages. Madame Melba first heard Miss Ainsley in New Zealand over three years ago, and has since personally directed her studies. At a concert in Paris, at the Salle Hoche, on June 19, Miss Ainsley's singing created a furore. Miss Ainsley is only nineteen years of age, and should have a brilliant career. In Madame Melba, who kindly consented to play her accompaniments on the occasion of her debut, Miss Ainsley has found a most generous patron.



THE VIOLINIST AT MADAME MELBA'S CONCERT:
MISS MAUD MACCARTHY.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, who played at the concert which Madame Melba gave for Miss Irene Ainsley, is one of the most promising of our younger musicians. She has already made a name for herself among London concert-goers.

Photograph by Bassano.

a child of eight summers; at the same time such musical youths as Verdi, who died at a very advanced age, Schumann, Chopin, and Mendelssohn had not been born. One need not pursue so extraordinary

The revival of old Latin plays, combined with sympathetic modern music, is a matter which we in England congratulate ourselves upon, whether such reproductions are made at Bradfield College or St. Edmund's College, Old Hall. Two or three days ago, the "Mostellaria" of Plautus was given at St. Edmund's with a novel sense of enjoyment, and with an entirely clever reproduction of the modernity of its own time which was not only enjoyable but also was instructive from a dramatic and musical point of view. The music was written by the Rev. Wilfrid G. Thompson, and contains just that right element of jollity and comedy which belongs to the work of that intensely fine comedian, M. Accius Plautus. Of course it is only at an old and well-directed college like St. Edmund's that it is possible to witness an old play based upon old traditions and thoroughly in harmony with modern thought and modern feeling. The music throughout was full of merriment, and its sweetness of distinction never lapsed into anything like that which one so often encounters in the light comedy of modern London, the commonplace ideal which may appeal only to the groundlings. One may add a line upon the performance itself, remembering that the music and the play were practically in combination and in unity. John Francis Bourke's *Tranio* was a really fine study of excellent comedy, and the parts of the ladies were taken with very great skill by Mr. Patrick Parkinson and others. In fine, the performance showed not only that a great deal of work had been expended upon that great ideal, the Latin of the Roman Theatre, but also that the young men who took part in the interpretation of the work thoroughly appreciated and delighted in their various methods of expressing the old Roman art according to the ideal which had been imparted to them.

COMMON CHORD.



MORE ENTRIES FOR THE TOURIST TROPHY—A CLUB FOR THE NEW FOREST AND BOURNEMOUTH—THE ART OF WASHING CARS: MUD TO BE SLUICED OFF—UNSATISFACTORY RESULTS OF THE GRAND PRIX: MEN AND TYRES WIN—PRESSURE IN TYRES: GOOD GAUGES NECESSARY.

THE thirty-three entries last chronicled for the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man next September have, since last I referred to them, been augmented by no fewer than ten, and several more are pending. The additions to date comprise a Speedwell, two Climax cars, a Swift, a Gladiator, two Straker-Squires, a Bianchi, a Metallurgique, and a Hardman, making forty-three in all. Of these twenty-four are of British manufacture, fourteen are genuinely and avowedly foreign, and the remainder are hybrids bearing English names, but consisting largely of alien parts and accessories.



MR. W. A. SMITH,
Chairman of the Argyll Motors, Ltd.
Photograph by Maclure Macdonald.

Nothing can do so much for the popularisation of the automobile movement as the establishment of local automobile clubs, so that the formation of such a body at Bournemouth is a matter for general congratulation. This new club purports to serve the New Forest and Bournemouth districts of Hampshire, the meeting to form the same being convened lately by the Motor Union on the lawn of the Balmer Lawn Hotel, Brockenhurst, when a large number of Bournemouth motorists were present. The name selected for the new association was the New Forest and Bournemouth Automobile Club, and several gentlemen were elected to the committee. Among these were Colonel Roberts Thompson, Dr. H. Simmons, Dr. N. MacGillycuddy, of Bournemouth; Dr. A. D. Pythie, of Lymington; Mr. H. G. Alexander, The Old Mansion, Boldre; Mr. Charles Braun, Sowley House, Beaulieu; Major Stuart Murray, New Melton; Mr. S. W. Coote, Burley Manor; Mr. B. C. S. Pearce, Leperwood Manor, Sutton, and others. Mr. P. Shrubbs was subsequently elected chairman, and Mr. Clement J. Haydon, Westover Chambers, Bournemouth, hon. secretary.

When intending chauffeurs attend motoring schools or academies to qualify more or less in mechanical knowledge sufficient to the driving and conduct of a motor-car, one very essential part of their education is frequently neglected. Indeed, I do not know of a motor school where pupils are instructed how to wash the carriage-work of a motor-car properly. This is much more of an art than is at all generally supposed, as the condition of a motor-body tended by a coachman turned chauffeur will show when compared with the carriage-work left to the tender mercies of the chauffeur who is innocent of a mews novitiate.

When an owner has engaged a new driver he should stand by to watch the method adopted when the new broom washes the car for the first time. If a hose is provided, and the new man forthwith plunges a sponge into water and commences to wipe the mud and dust off the paint-work, it is clear that he does not know his job, and should be stopped at once. Mud and dust should never be wiped off even with a wet sponge, but should be washed away by water just running from the hose-pipe without force. It should be sluiced away, and that cannot be done properly if the water is pouring forcibly through a nozzle. Where mud has caked upon the car water must be allowed to run gently over the incrustations until they break up and are washed away. Then a clean sponge and clean water must be used for finally washing the paint-work when all the mud and grit has disappeared. The final drying and polishing can be done with perfectly clean, gritless chamois leathers. Cars should be washed immediately upon coming into garage. Wherever dried mud rests for any time a dull stain remains which nothing will remove.



MARBLE HALLS IN A MOTOR-WORKS: THE SPLENDID STAIRCASE
AT THE NEW ARGYLL FACTORY, ALEXANDRIA.

Photograph by Maclure Macdonald.

It is difficult to divine the profit that will accrue to the French automobile industry by the result of the race for the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France, contested on June 26 and 27 last over the Circuit de la Sarthe. It is agreed that the firm whose car secured premier honours is in no need of such advertisement, seeing that it is suggested that their output for the next two years is practically sold out. Second honours go to Italy with Nazzaro's Fiat, the French coming again with Clement junior steering his father's Bayard. Twenty-three French cars were started the first day, and of these only eight survived to cross the tape for the last time on the second day. Six Italian cars were dispatched, and two—both Fiats—finished.

After all, the race was to men and tyres rather than to machines. The Renault triumph must be ascribed equally to the superlative driving of Siz and the advantage afforded him by the use of the latest Michelin production—the "jante amovible," anglicé, detachable rim. The use of this arrangement permitted the replacement of a tyre in a little over three minutes, and with the minimum of exhausting labour.

Tyre-manufacturers are very fond of reminding tyre-users that failure and deterioration of pneumatic tyres are more often than not brought about by running the tyres much too slack, and some of them go so far as to issue tables of loads on wheels, and the necessary corresponding pressure of air in lb. per square inch which should obtain within the air-tube if the longest possible life is to be secured from the tyre. Now, although inflators are generally sold with pressure-gauges of some description affixed, these gauges seldom, if ever, tell the true pressure story, for no two of them ever agree, and even then the pressure shown by the gauge is the pressure necessarily imposed by the pump to overcome that within the tube. What the tyre-manufacturers should provide is a neat, reliable, independent pressure-gauge which can be readily attached to the valve without causing leakage, and which will give the tube-pressure accurately.



THE NEW ARGYLL MOTOR-WORKS: THE COACH-BUILDING SHOP.

The new motor-works of the Argyll Company were opened at Alexandria, near Glasgow, by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. The factory covers nearly twenty acres, and is built of concrete and steel. The great staircase of the executive offices is in marble. The cost has been £300,000.

Photograph by Maclure Macdonald.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

GOODWOOD—OWNERS' RIGHTS—RECRUITS.

FOR one am very sorry such a poor entry has been received for the Stewards' Cup, as it is one of the prettiest races of the year to watch, and up to now it has been, in my opinion, the plum of the Goodwood programme. The Duke of Richmond takes the liveliest interest in the ducal meeting, and he has spent thousands

on the course and stands since he came into the title, so that he deserves success even if it does not come his way. It may be that the field for the Cup will, after all, be up to average, as the soft going at present will give the trainers a chance to get their horses ready. A great deal, however, will depend on the work of the handicapping triumvirate. If the happy three do their apportioning well then the field may be a good one; but if any of the "certainities" are lightly weighted then the race may be next door to a failure. I have been told of a horse trained in the south, not a hundred miles from London town, that has been specially kept for this race. The animal in question is said by the sharps to be simply

the list: the jockey first, the trainer second, the public third, and the owner fourth, which is as good as saying that he even misses the place-money. Sir Thomas is a long-headed business man, and his view of the owner is for that reason entitled to respect; but now that owners have learned to combine, the situation is greatly altered, for while the individual, as such, may be useless in bringing about reforms, a strong combination of owners could do almost anything. I do not suggest any concerted attack on the Jockey Club, as many of the suggestions discussed are outside the pale of the Turf Senate; but I do think owners should join together in watching matters which bear heavily on them, and are ripe for reform.

The disposal of Mr. Musker's valuable stud is a blow to the sport of kings in this country, but I expect we shall hear of new recruits in the near future, and I have heard whispers to the effect that the Marquess of Waterford, the Marquess of Bute, and the Duke of Marlborough may be running flat-racers presently. Some of the owners of long standing, like the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Penrhyn, and Earl Cadogan, have had execrable luck with their horses for some time past, still they stick to the game. The Duke of Portland has for some years now taken only a passing interest in racing, and Lord Zetland and Lord Londonderry seldom run horses. The Earl of Derby is the biggest titled patron of the Turf at the present time, but he owns one or two good horses, such as Keystone II., and no end of very fair ones. Lord Sefton takes more interest in steeplechasing than he does in flat-racing, and the same may be said of the Duke of Westminster.

The Brothers Singer and Mr. Walter Bass are good patrons of the game under Jockey Club rules. So are Lord Westbury and Sir Robert Jardine. The latter believes in buying good stock, while Lord Westbury is fond of dabbling in high-class selling-platers. Lord Dalmeny and Mr. J. A. de Rothschild are two useful recruits. Lord Alington plays the game mildly, and the same may be said of the Duke of Montrose, who runs his horses in the far North. Mr. Astor junior has one or two animals in the Kingsclere stable, and Lord Ilchester has a horse or two in training at Beckhampton. Both Sir E. Cassell and Sir E. Vincent do the thing in style, while Mr. J. W. Larnach is a very big patron of the Turf under both sets of rules.

CAPTAIN COE.



A FAMOUS SWIMMER: LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.

Lady Constance gave a display of swimming and diving at the Bath Club at the close of the final test for the King's Cup. Lady Constance is a former winner of the Ladies' Championship of the club. Lady Constance is the daughter of the second Earl of Cromartie. Her husband, Sir Edward Austin Stewart-Richardson, is the fourteenth Baronet. The title was created in 1630.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

"trotting in." It would not be fair at this stage to name the horse, but if he gets in at anything like a reasonable weight he will be my sole choice for the race. I am told the two-year-old racing at Goodwood will be above the average this year; and if, as is rumoured, the Khedive attends the meeting with King Edward, it can be taken for granted that the attendance of the Upper Ten will be a very large one. The alterations to the course and stands are nearly completed, and the race for the Stewards' Cup will under present circumstances be an absolutely fine one. I hope the meeting will be a big success.

It is pleasant to some of us old, weather-beaten agitators to see many plucky owners of the present day fighting for their just rights. The wedge has been started by the free stabling and free fodder question, and next we may hear of resolutions to get rid of weighing fees and stakeholders' fees. After that, perhaps something will be done in the matter of railway charges, selling races, and jockeys' fees. All these little items are ripe for discussion just now, and it only requires a strong man to take them in hand to ensure radical changes being brought about. The owners of horses have their rights the same as owners of racecourse shares; and one thing is certain—we could not "get along without the 'osses." Up to now, the owner has been treated as a common target for anybody and everybody to have a shot at, but at last the poor creature has come to the conclusion that he has some sort of right, and he is going to find out exactly how he stands. Sir Thomas Dewar once put him fourth on



A QUAIN DIVE: HEADS AND TAILS.

The curious feat here illustrated all but explains itself. The performers, who must be more or less acrobats, lock themselves together "head and tail." One stands upright, the other places his head between his companion's feet, grips his legs, and throws his own legs round the first man's shoulders. Thus locked, the man who is not inverted makes the dive.

Photograph by Newman and Co.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE laws of the Medes and Persians were not more inalienably fixed than was formerly the advent of summer sales, which began their undoubted fascinations regularly on July 1. With the increasing love of change, the incoming of motors, and the general shortening of the season, a change has come over the spirit of our dreams, and several of the big shops have for the past two seasons started their half-yearly saturnalia well in advance of brother-traders. John Barker's sale, for instance, which began on June 25, and will continue for one month, is an overwhelming proof in its crowded attendances that women are only too glad of the opportunity sales give them of buying summer garments at winter prices while summer and season are still at their height. So few people wait in town nowadays until August the First rings down the curtain that tradespeople are wisely seeing the sweet reasonableness of supplying our wants while we are with them, rather than allowing stacks of expensive wearables to remain on hand until the January clearances.

Kate Reily's sale, always an event of far-reaching interest amongst her wide and well-placed *clientèle*, this season offers items of superlative seductiveness to women with a taste in exquisite wearables and opportunities of wearing them. An evening-cloak of pale pink chiffon and voluminous outline, exquisitely interlined with fine cream silk lace and lavishly embroidered with softly tinted pink bugles, was a great possibility in possessions a few days since; as was, again, an Empire coat, also in palest pink silk, with Pompadour trimmings in which silver and gold threads were woven. A note of contrasting colour was effected by the bow of bright-blue velvet, clasped with a great paste buckle at the waist. Vieux rose, always a successful colour with brunettes, was shown forth attractively in a moiré evening-gown, incrustations of cream guipure and gleams of silver cord and embroidery softening the tint on bodice and sleeves and skirt *à merveille*.



SEEN IN THE BOIS.

Another bargain crying out for an appreciative purchaser was seen in a delightful Princess gown of blue-grey panne, which, decorated with filmy cream-coloured lace and silver roses, expressed itself as a very poem in dinner-dresses. The poetry of the lamp-lit tea-hour was recalled by a tea-gown of palest-blue chiffon,

set forth with a dainty little lace coat profusely trimmed with quilted Valenciennes and pink-and-white daisies.

Quite a wardrobeful of gay linen gowns, either in white or pale tints, offered opportunities to the "summer girl" of acquiring *chic* and moderately priced habiliments. One also noticed flower-



[Copyright.]

FOR THE SEASIDE.

trimmed country hats, embroidered linen river hats, delicate tulle and chiffon ruffles for garden-party gaieties, and a variety of other desirable things which made one's visit to Kate Reily's sale quite a treasure-hunt in Dover Street.

In close proximity to this high priestess of fashion, Lola's dainty atelier resolves itself into a study in temptations, for here also a sale is in progress, and of millinery fancies and fantasies there is a quiverful. Hats of Paris origin and consequent *chic* are obtainable from a modest 18s. 6d. each. Feather boas, always common nouns to be coveted, are obtainable at Lola's for quite half their original number of shillings; and proportionately great is the reduction in blouses of all kinds and of uniformly good style and make. One sees lawn, embroidered linen, silk lace net in combination or separately—an infinite variety, in fact, but all at such extremely lowered prices as to induce one to add blouse after blouse to one's possessions, even if they are not absolutely a necessity of existence. Some silk underskirts were to be purchased at 12s. 6d., and a variety of charmingly dainty cotton voile gowns, so useful for all hot-weather occasions, are actually on view at four-and-a-half guineas. Some dinner and evening dresses had been marked down from much more exalted prices to eight guineas, and altogether Lola, especially during her sale, is a modiste whose acquaintance it will be found profitable to make, not alone because of the low prices asked for her creations, but also on account of the good taste and good style which so markedly characterise them.

The sales, in fact, more than ever realise their *raison d'être* this season, and are in nearly all cases obviously redolent of bargains. The London Corset Company is no exception to this self-sacrificial rule, for many of that celebrated firm's finest productions if in the very least bit tossed or tumbled are disposed of irrespective of cost or quality,

and, as all the feminine world knows, corsets of the highest excellence, both as to shape and material, are the specialties of this firm, which also shows blouses far ahead in *chic* and construction of many others to be found in the West End, all the L.C.C.'s productions being made in Paris. A few of their Vienna models in tailor-made and afternoon gowns are also available at absurdly reduced prices, and the early caller on the Monday morning of July 11 will undoubtedly find herself justified of her wisdom and early rising.

Quantities of corn, barley, oats, and field flowers are being used by Paris milliners in the newest hats. The corn and barley are arranged in long, waving plumes with rosettes or roses at the base. The present way of utilising flowers is in every way a departure from all conventional ideas, a straining after novel and bizarre effects being evidently more sought after than anything else by the artists of fashion as she is at the moment.

Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's sale, which continues to the end of July, has many special points of interest peculiar to the firm. For instance, in the matter of gloves, for which they have long been celebrated, the sale offers extraordinary opportunities, some idea of which may be deduced from the fact that one of the chief American stores has cabled them an offer to take all the long kid gloves they can supply at the same price as Debenham and Freebody sell single pairs. Jewellery, of which they have a wide and well-chosen selection, is also offered at a very considerable reduction during the month. Rings, pendants, bracelets, earrings, brooches, as well as gold match-boxes and articles of masculine adornment, are all marked down to very low figures. Where matters of the wardrobe are in question, the reductions are still more surprising, if possible, and pyramids of dainty French lawns, cotton voiles, gauzes, silks, and brocades are to be had for "next door to asking." Special advantages attach at present to the purchase of furs and fur-lined cloaks, which are offered far below ordinary summer prices; while a whole gallery of alluring Paris model gowns display their fascinating intricacies at prices which never covered the original cost of mere material. Dresses by Drecoll, Rauduit, Ducet, Laferriere, and other classic creators of costly chiffons are one and all offered at low figures to Debenham and Freebody's customers; while of what may be called the addenda of the toilet—lace collars, scarves, belts, parasols, and other minutiae which cost so much ordinarily—one may bring away an armful for a trifle. Decidedly, Debenham's is a place to exploit at this moment.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEBUTANTE.—Certainly. There is no reason why girls should not wear any form of jewellery that is fashionable, provided it is not overdone and is in good taste. The earrings you mention are to be had at the Association of Diamond Merchants, Grand Hotel Buildings. They consist of four alternate diamonds and pearls linked together, and are very effective and inexpensive for ten guineas. (2) There is always the danger of carrying a too obvious jewel-bag that it is more liable to be stolen than a less pretentious affair, so if you cannot trust your own memory or your maid's it would be wiser to take valuables in a large suit-case which accompanies you in the railway carriage. (3) There is no such duty on soap, so you should provide yourself with several boxes—the Erasmic for choice. It is so good for the skin, and is deliciously scented.

SUBURBAN. The London laundress has a reputation all her own; but one must consider that modern machinery, while making up more perfectly, is distinctly "wearing" to one's clothes. As against the inevitable destruction that goes on, one may put the economy with which men's shirts, for instance, are renewed. Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street, to take one instance, make old shirts as good as new with fresh neck-bands, cuffs, and fronts for a mere fourteen shillings the half-dozen. A postcard to their factory at Belfast brings all particulars and prices of their goods by return of post.

ESTELLE (Drogheda).—Living in the land of tailor-mades as you do, I should think you could get suited in dear, dirty Dublin. But if intent on a gown from town you will find entire satisfaction in anything built by Fisher, of 215, Regent Street.

SYBIL.

Among the successful concerts of the season was that of Miss Palgrave Turner, a noticeable feature of which consisted of a set of half-a-dozen songs under the general title of "In the Orchard,"

published by Lublin and Co. The composer, Mr. Charles Braun, who has had at his command some charming verses by Mr. Harold Simpson, has been remarkably happy in writing music that sings easily to an accompaniment which can be played without difficulty, whilst both have a delightful freshness and absence of commonplace phrases. Of course it is only the serious musician who can write simple music that has a distinguished air. Mr. Braun, after a thorough training at Leipsic, had two dramatic cantatas, "St. Olaf" and "Sigurd," produced in Liverpool by Sir Charles Hallé with great success. Lately it may be remembered that he wrote admirable music to "Lotus," a dramatic monologue with songs, performed in the spring before the King at Chatsworth, in which Princess Henry of Pless made a sensation by her delightful singing. Mr. Braun is lucky enough to be among the younger composers, and a good many of his songs are attracting attention.



A PIANO THAT REPRODUCES THE PERFORMANCES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PIANISTS: THE MAESTRO-PIANOFORTE (MUSTEL).

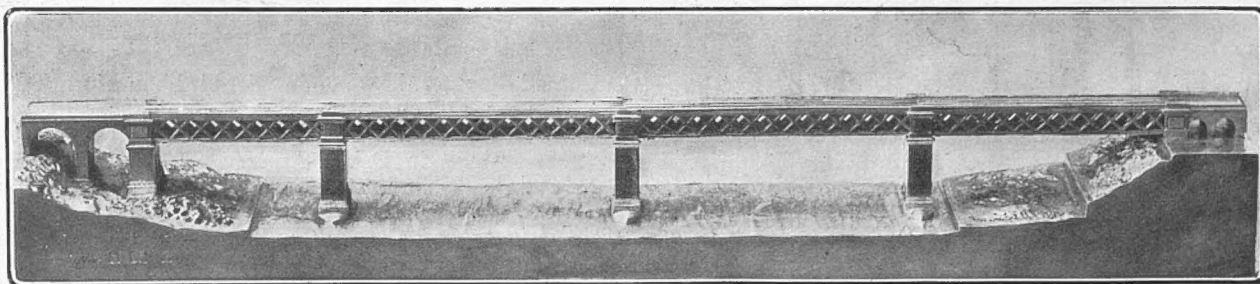
The Maestro-Piano is not a mechanical instrument in the sense understood by many. It is a pianoforte to which is attached a mechanism worked by electricity, which records the performance of the world's greatest pianists just as the Gramophone records the voice. Every note is recorded, every accent retained, the most delicate use of the pedals marked, every trait and characteristic feature seized. The management of the Maestro-Piano, which can be heard at the Agents', Messrs. Metzler and Co., 40-43, Great Marlborough Street, W., is most simple.

The London and South-Western Railway Company has issued a concise and convenient programme, giving full particulars of fast excursions during the summer months from London (Waterloo Station) to the numerous delightful seaside and inland holiday resorts of the South and South-West, including Devon, Cornwall, etc.; also rail and sea trips to the Channel Islands and the French coast for Normandy, Brittany, etc. Many charming day trips are also announced from Waterloo Station to the riverside places and to the lovely Surrey hills.

For the convenience of travellers to Belgium by the Harwich route, the Great Eastern Railway Company have just placed on the Antwerp express train from Liverpool Street Station dining and breakfast cars, in which table d'hôte dinner and other refreshments are served on the down journey and table d'hôte breakfast on the up journey.

In their programme issued for the tourist and excursion season, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are announcing cheap week-end tickets to be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to all places on the South Coast, from Hastings to Portsmouth inclusive, and to all places in the Isle of Wight, also to Dieppe, the Parisian's favourite seaside resort on the Normandy coast, with its handsome Casino, new Marine Promenade, fine golf-links, and good roads for cycling. Numerous cheap day excursions, cheap return-tickets, and circular-tour tickets have also been arranged.

"Off for the Holidays" is the title of a pictorial poster by which the directors of the Great Central Railway draw the public attention to their arrangements for the holiday season, and an examination of their A B C programme demonstrates that this enterprising company has done everything possible to provide for the holiday traveller. Special facilities are offered to those wishing to visit the bracing health resorts on the North-East Coast, the West Coast watering-places,



THE NEW HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE ACROSS THE TYNE AT NEWCASTLE: THE MODEL PRESENTED TO THE KING.

The new high-level bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, "The King Edward VII. Bridge," was built for the North-Eastern Railway Company from the design and under the supervision of their chief engineer, Mr. C. A. Harrison, by the Cleveland Bridge Company, Darlington. It was begun in May 1901, cost over half a million, and has been constructed to relieve the congestion of traffic over the present high-level bridge, which crosses the river a little to the east of the new bridge. It was arranged that the King should open it on July 10. The model illustrated, which is executed in solid silver on a scale of fifty feet to an inch, was specially manufactured for the occasion by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, and supplied from their Newcastle branch.

many delightful spots in Herts and Bucks. Lovers of Shakspeare are given the opportunity of visiting Stratford-on-Avon three days a week at a special inclusive fare. These arrangements are conveniently tabulated in the form of an A B C excursion programme, obtainable, free of cost, at Marylebone Station, N.W., or at any of the company's town offices and agencies situated throughout London and suburbs.

Most Bridge-players like to keep some record of their winnings and losings, and this may be done very conveniently in Messrs. Letts' "Bridge Pocket Book." The book contains, besides the pages for memoranda, a great deal of information invaluable to the regular Bridge-player. It is edited by Captain J. H. Montagu and is published in three qualities: bound in leather, 1s.; morocco, 3s. 6d.; and Russia, 5s.

the principal health and pleasure resorts in Ireland, and over two hundred towns and places in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England. There are also day and half-day excursions to

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 25.

AN UNSATISFACTORY POSITION.

MONEY is distinctly cheaper, and the banks and discount houses have, we know, been considering the advisability of lowering their rates for deposits; but although there is a lot of dividend money about seeking temporary employment, it is probable that until the Bank sees its way to a 3 per cent. rate, the price of deposit-money will not be altered. With the Foreign Secretary making so grave a statement in the House of Commons as Sir Edward Grey felt it his duty to do on Thursday, Consols can hardly improve much, and so long as the premier security is at 88 or below, anything like general improvement in the markets is unlikely.

THE ARGENTINE LAND AND INVESTMENT SCHEME.

The long-expected proposals of the directors for the settlement of the arrears of the Preference dividend in this Company are now before the shareholders, and we cannot understand how so preposterous a proposition could have been seriously offered for acceptance. It is hardly conceivable that even the most foolish Preference shareholder can do anything but refuse proposals so grossly unfair, and we are glad to see that within twenty-four hours of the directors' circular a strong opposition is being organised. The position is very simple. The Preference shares are cumulative, and have a preference as to capital; their current interest is being earned and paid, while arrears now amounting to 24s. 6d. per share are being paid off by degrees out of revenue. Nothing is more certain in this world than that the whole of these arrears will be paid in time if the Preference shareholders exercise patience, and yet the Board now ask the holders to accept 10s. in place of 24s. 6d., and to take payment in ordinary shares at par, which means about 8s. at current market price. Nor is this all, for without any further compensation the Preference shareholders are asked to give up all their Preference rights, both as to capital and interest, and in future to take their chance with the Ordinary shareholders. We have seen many spoliation proposals before now and in many Companies, but never one so barefaced as this, the only satisfactory feature of which is that it is too outrageous to succeed.

We have continuously recommended these shares to our readers as a good 5 per cent. investment, and we hope every correspondent and reader of ours who has bought them on our advice will record his vote against the present scheme; and to do so the proxy sent out should be returned with the word "Against" the scheme written in it.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

This week we are able to give a view of the works of the Apollinaris and Johannis Company, whose report is just published and must be satisfactory to the shareholders. Both the sales and the profits have improved, so that the directors are able to pay not only 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, but to add £20,000 to the reserve and carry forward £5,000 more than was brought in from last account, after providing for the whole advertising of the year. The amount necessary to pay the Preference dividend amounts to £59,500, and the net profits, after providing for Debenture interest, are £159,163, so that the £10 Preference shares, at their present price (say, £8), appear an attractive investment for those who desire a fair return for their money and something more than reasonable security for its continuance. The reserve fund is now £120,000, and if the present conservative management is continued and the policy of adding to the Company's resources adhered to, the price should, by degrees, rise to at least par. The Ordinary shares are, of course, more speculative, but at £6½ the yield is more than commensurate with the risk, and they, too, appear as a fair and improving investment.

BARRENECHEA NITRATE.

The following note by our well-known correspondent "Q" will be of interest to many readers who are always looking for investments yielding high interest, with every chance of improving capital value. As long as they will remember that the nitrate industry is of a speculative character, and that for big profits some risks must be run, the shares of the above Company present all the elements of attractiveness—

If I return to the subject of nitrates to-day, my excuse must be the very prosperous condition of the industry, and also that, although I have mentioned the *Barrenea Nitrate Company* by name, I have not hitherto given the particulars with regard to it, which are likely to interest your readers. As to the first point, the statistical

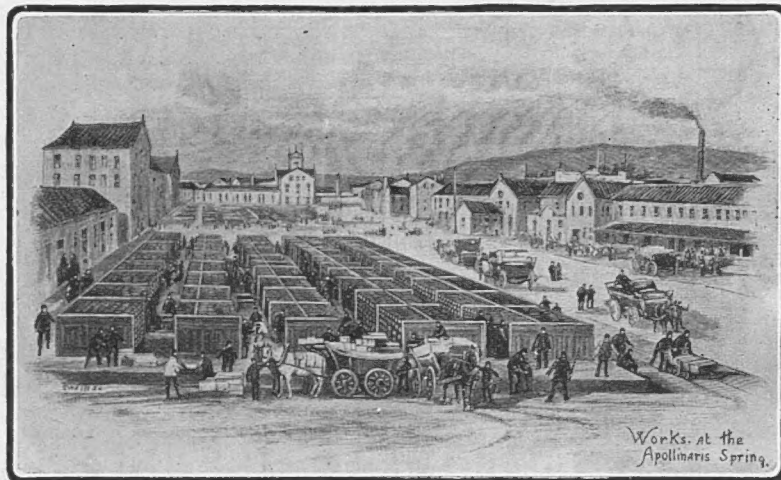
position of nitrate disclosed in the half-yearly reports, which have been published this week, is a very strong one. The consumption of nitrate increases year by year; the world's consumption and the average price, taken at five years' interval for the last twenty-five years, are as follows—

			Consumption.		Average price per cwt.	
			Tons.		s. d.	
1880-1	250,000	..	14	6
1885-6	440,000	..	10	6
1890-1	945,000	..	8	7
1895-6	1,100,000	..	7	10
1900-1	1,390,000	..	8	6
1905-6	1,615,000	..	10	9

It is true that the productive capacity of the oficinas has also grown enormously, especially of recent years, and the present combination is based on a productive capacity of three and a-half million tons. But, on the other hand, apart from the combination, the labour supply in Chili is so limited that it is doubtful whether production can do more than keep pace with demand. At the present moment nitrate can be sold freely for several years ahead, and at prices much in advance even of the high prices of recent years.

To come to the particular Company whose name stands at the head of my letter, the Barrenea Nitrate Company commenced the production of nitrate in October 1904, and the report of the first year's working was presented in March of this year. The capital on which the Company was floated was £45,000 in £1 shares, and £30,000 of Debentures. The profit for the first year's working was no less than £79,102. This enabled the directors (1) to pay off all preliminary expenses, (2) to reduce the Debentures to less than £5,000, (3) to place £18,715 to reserve and £3500 to reserve for income tax, and (4) finally to pay a dividend of 10s., which required only £22,500. Well might the chairman in his speech at the meeting claim this as a record, and express the opinion that no other nitrate company had hitherto attained anything like such a result. This is not all, however. £15,000 of the profits which were carried to reserve were invested in a property in Antofagasta, as to which I cannot do better than quote from the chairman's speech—"We had a tempting offer last year, which appeared to us so full of promise and free from risk that we favourably considered it, and ultimately decided to take an interest to the extent of £25,000, payment being spread over two years, and we treated it as an investment of our reserve fund. The property covers a very large area, and contains an enormous amount of rich caliche. . . . Offers have already been made for certain portions, and these

will be duly considered; but, so far as we are concerned, we are in no hurry whatever. Nitrate properties are increasing in value, and must continue to increase as they become scarcer, so that I am quite sure the investment thus made will result most profitably for our Company." As regards the Barrenea grounds and the prospects for the current year, I must again quote from the chairman: "Our grounds are turning out most satisfactorily. The caliche is so good that we are able to make refined nitrate without any extra cost whatever, while the expense of our production remains very low. Besides this, I will give you some important news to-day. Our manager has discovered on a portion of our grounds marked "barren" a large deposit of caliche, which he puts down as equal to 1,000,000 quintals of nitrate, thus adding one-fourth to the original contents of our grounds, representing a further working profit to this Company of £125,000. As for the current year, I am glad to tell you that we have sold the whole of



APOLLINARIS AND JOHANNIS, LTD.: WORKS AT AFOLLINARIS SPRING.

our quota at very profitable prices, which leads me to make another very safe prophecy—that the accounts we shall present to you next year will be found to be very satisfactory indeed."

The Company has a quota of 500,000 quintals, which, on the basis of the 30 per cent. reduction enforced by the combination, means a production of 350,000 quintals. The profit last year must have been about 4s. per quintal. On a very conservative estimate, the Company should be able to pay annual dividends of 15s. per share, while placing large sums to reserve.

July 7, 1906.

P.S.—The Directors' scheme for funding the arrears of dividend requires the closest scrutiny from the Preference shareholders of the Argentine Land and Investment Company, and, at first sight at any rate, appears quite unduly favourable to the Ordinary shareholders. Subject to what may transpire at the meeting on the 13th inst., Preference shareholders will be well advised to oppose the scheme in its present shape.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Go into the adjoining Reading-Room at one o'clock and you can scarcely find a single evening paper not in use; come into the Writing-Room and you will see every table with two, three, or four occupants. If any further illustration were required to show the condition of Stock Exchange business at the present time, I don't know what more convincing shape it could assume.

When the Stock Exchange Committee, by a few strokes of the pen, added £700 to the individual worth by the creation of Nominations, we congratulated ourselves upon being ruled by such shrewd, wise financiers. Nominations, however, have dropped to something less than a "pony," and perhaps the legislation of 1904 begins to look less heaven-inspired. A fall of £675 in eighteen months makes the decline in Consols look feeble, and the holders of Coronation shares at the top are the only ones who can brag about beating our loss. They might argue, by the way, that Nominations cost us nothing, whereas they had to pay for their Coronation. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

Some time ago, a wag suggested that all the shares dealt in in the Kaffir Circus should be put back to a sovereign each, right the way round, and let the market start fresh. It looks rather as though this little pleasantry stood a sporting chance of coming off—as regards the shares which already stand above this price. It is difficult to conceive how any market can possibly get into a worse state than the Kaffir Circus, and there are appearances, too, of the weakness continuing. Nevertheless, some few shares ought to be cheap: Apex, for instance, and Casons, while Rand Mines don't look dear, nor do Anglo-French. But to buy them entails the putting them away, unless the holder cares to face the possibility of carrying them over for weeks, if not months. An imaginative friend of mine suggests the formation of a South African Mining Board, on the same principle as our own Metropolitan Water Board. Amalgamate all the Companies, he suggests, put them under the control of a responsible direction, and you will see the mining industry begin to pay handsomely.

Some people waste such a lot of time talking pure piffle.

By the way, the Metropolitan Water Board has committed a few very expensive mistakes since it came into being. Of course the public don't hear about them. The amateurs generally know much better than the professionals how to manage matters, and the ratepayer has had to atone for some costly experimenting since the Board commenced operations.

To have gained in half a year traffic increases of over a quarter of a million sterling, published estimates, is a fine achievement, upon which the North-Western and the North-Eastern Railway Companies deserve cordial congratulations. The stock of the former is firm, in the teeth of general depression elsewhere, and in my humble judgment, its advance to, at any rate, 170 is a question of only a short time. The Great Western published an increase slightly under the round hundred thousand pounds for the first half of 1906, and it is difficult to account for this comparatively poor showing except upon the grounds of motor competition of all kinds. With its new line, the Great Western should make strides in the current half-year, and as the new capital will not rank for dividend until 1907, the distribution next February should be a good one. This is, perhaps, looking some way ahead, but the consideration should be remembered in studying the attractions of the Home Railway market and its individual stocks. I believe, too, that the Metropolitan will one day see its Consolidated Stock advancing by leaps and bounds. To hold for a couple of years, the security is cheap, as cheap as anything else of its speculative investment character.

Increase in the number of foreign banking houses which open a London branch has become a matter of some alarm to our own banking and discount institutions. The Bank of England imposes a fairly severe check upon the financial facilities she will afford to houses whose head office is not in London; but, in spite of this, the business drifts more and more into the hands of these commission-cutting foreigners, who will work for a half or a quarter of the profit considered reasonable by our own banking houses. Some of the former are in the habit of flooding Continental towns with circulars puffing various investments, but the best of them are as punctilious about the safety of securities recommended to their customers as any English bank can be.

Scotch banks will probably study their *Pall Mall Gazette* with more attention now, the Banket Bubble having deflated so uncomfortably. It is a marvel that some of these Scottish banks should indulge in the speculative business that they do. The idea of accepting Bankets as "security" strikes one as being most curious, unless the security were backed by Consols or cash up to half the value loaned upon them. If questions are not asked at the next half-yearly meetings of proprietors, the Scot must have a most heroic faith in the wisdom of his bank-managers.

It is a yearly source of surprise that the House has no Stock Exchange Cricket or Football Club. Other clubs and societies of members abound, but none in connection with the two pre-eminently national sports—if the golfers will allow the phrase to pass. The reason generally accepted for this absence of a Stock Exchange Cricket or Football Club is that men live in widely scattered parts of London, and are therefore unable to meet for practice; while they also have their own clubs at home, for which they play. The argument is reasonable and weighty, but does not seem to go all the way. There are almost enough first-class cricketers in the House to make up an eleven, and, of course, many others who fall but little short of the highest standard. Perhaps one of these days there will be a Stock Exchange Cricket Club, composed of members; they might at present use the Kaffir Circus to practise in all day long without making much difference to business.

For a mining "tip," which I think will come off, commend me to Waihi Grand Junctions. It is quite a gamble; the shares are not worth their present price except on speculative prospects. These, however, are good, and although the mine seems to be an unearthly time in getting to work, it should soon start making returns. But I mention the shares as a sheer speculation, and against the promise of making money

there must be set the risk of losing it. People seem to imagine that if a "tip" goes wrong the adviser is responsible. Which is a palpably absurd proposition, though I fully subscribe to the theory that if a tip is given, its speculative nature should be distinctly stated.

It is enough. Now to look up trains and study the map of Yorkshire. Perchance, dear Sir, you're going there, along the moors to saunter; and if you are just, smile, don't glare, should you meet

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, July 7, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INDIA.—Nos. 1 and 2 are so mixed up that what applies to one applies to the other. We look on the enterprise as very speculative, but have no special information. The market is not in love with the prospects. No. 3 we have no faith in. The two Nitrate Companies are good speculative holdings, and the Ship Telegraph Company is a good sound Industrial.

CAMBRIDGE.—We never answer anonymous letters.

INQUIRER.—We can see no attraction in the Kaffirs and do not recommend purchase. The Motor Company is, we think, doing well, but we should not care for it as an investment for our own money. The name of the Company is the Pacific Nitrate Company.

CARDIGAN.—The Rhodesian affair is a speculation in which we do not believe; but if we were in your place we should hold, in the hope of a recovery, and then jump out. Of the Oil Company we have the highest opinion as a speculative investment.

C. J.—Get out of the Railway Debentures. The others are all speculative Industrials, which we should not care to hold, but they may improve, and the hotel shares are pretty sure to pay their interest.

A REGULAR READER.—What you say about the cause of the fall in the bonds is common gossip. We think you might buy some more as long as you realise they are a speculative holding.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At the Bibury Meeting the following should go close: Johnstone Handicap, Gondolette; Bibury Stakes, Tipperary; Club Welter, Cross Park; Hurstbourne Stakes, Blue Throat; Wallop Plate, Sunburnt; Alington Stakes, Bakewell; Downton Handicap, Serenata; Champagne Stakes, Palette. The following may run well at Lingfield: Summer Handicap, Father Blind; Oak Tree Handicap, Amelia; Lingfield Park Plate, Black Arrow; Great Foal Plate, Silver Heeled. At Haydock I fancy the following:—Great Central Handicap, Dragon; White Lodge Handicap, Cherry Well; July Plate, Belle Vale; Willows Welter Handicap, Gala; Old Newton Cup, Kroonstad.

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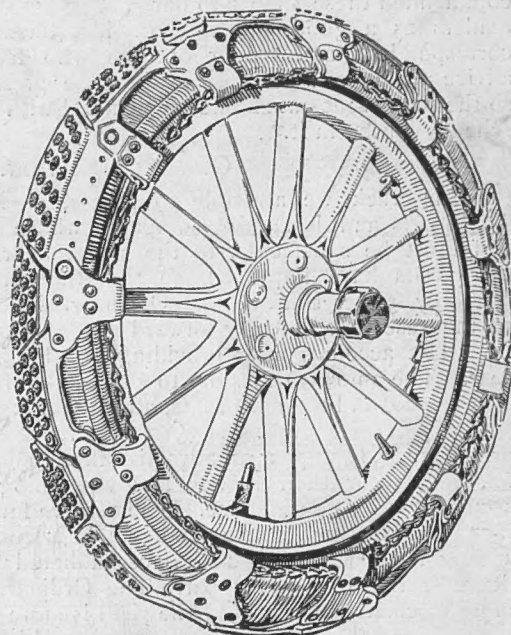
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